HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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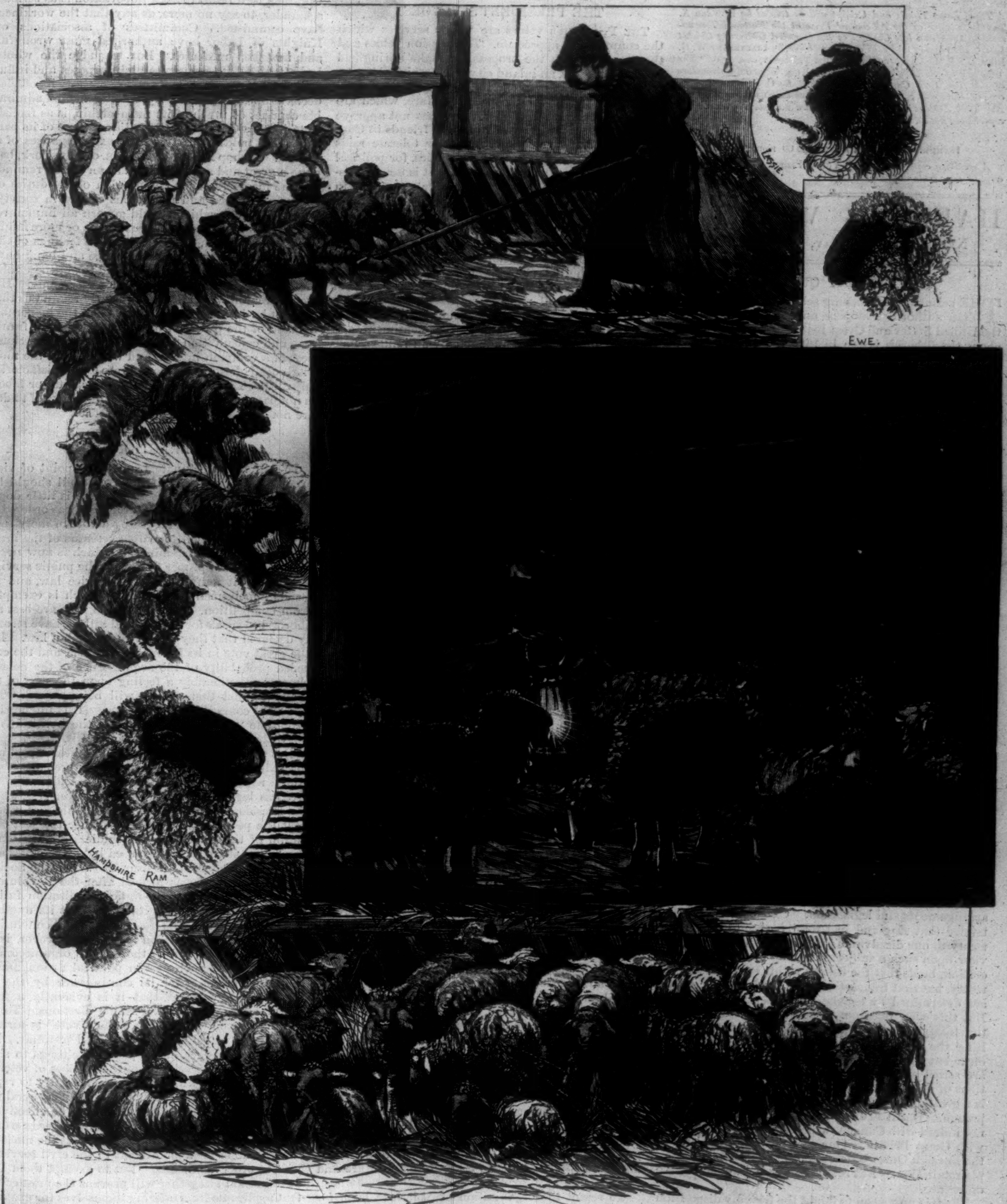
Lassie
Ewe.
Hampshire Ram

"SPRING LAMB."—Drawn by J. A. S. Monks.—[See Page 347.]

"The best weekly issue of a paper especially adapted for boys and girls which is published in the United States."—*Boston Journal.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The current number contains, among a variety of attractive literary and pictorial matter, a third article from the pen of the author of "Patroclus and Penelope." It is entitled

"MORE WORDS IN THE SADDLE."

BY COLONEL THEODORE A. DODGE, U.S.A.

In connection with this article it may be said that COLONEL DODGE'S *pleasant chats "In the Saddle" are part of a scheme of practical articles on the sports and pastimes of the season that will be a feature of the paper during the next few months. These articles will for the most part be furnished by persons who have distinguished themselves in connection with the sports about which they write.*

Thus, Lawn-Tennis and Cricket will be treated by HOWARD A. TAYLOR, *winner of the All-comers' Prize at the National Tournament in 1884, and late Captain of the Harvard University Cricket Club; the rigging and sailing of open boats, by* LIEUTENANT W. G. ROSS, U.S.R.M.; *Archery, by* MAURICE THOMPSON, *author of "The Witchery of Archery"; Canoeing, by* KIRK MUNROE, *Commodore of the New York Canoe Club; Croquet, by* C. H. BOTSFORD, *the croquet champion; Swimming, by* PROFESSOR SUNDSTROHM, *of the New York Athletic Club; and other games and sports by thoroughly experienced hands.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886.

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

THE seizure of the fishing schooners by the Canadian authorities reopens an old dispute between the United States and Great Britain. The contention about the fisheries began in 1814, and in the second volume of his history Mr. **BLAINE** gives a lucid account of it, and states the American case. The difference was adjusted temporarily by the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, and by the fishery clauses of the Treaty of Washington in 1871. But these agreements are no longer operative, and the treaty of 1818 remains as the only specific arrangement upon the subject. This treaty was negotiated by **ALBERT GALLATIN** and **RICHARD RUSH**, and it contains a practical surrender of what were regarded for more than a quarter of a century after the Revolution as our undoubted rights. It permits American vessels to enter Canadian waters for certain purposes, and no other, and among the purposes mentioned the buying of bait is not included. Last year, when the arrangement of the Treaty of Washington expired, a diplomatic understanding was reached extending the existing arrangement until the close of the fishing season, and the President in his annual Message to Congress proposed an international Commission to take up the whole subject and settle conclusively the long and vexatious dispute. The Senate, probably upon the theory that the case was perfectly plain, and that there ought not to be any dispute, rejected the recommendation. But the conviction of one party in a quarrel that his right is indisputable is not apt to have great weight with the other, and the result is that two American schooners have been seized in Canadian waters, and a Canadian fleet is said to be in preparation to patrol the coast, and the Senate has adopted a resolution authorizing the President to retaliate by treating Canadian vessels in our ports precisely as ours are treated in Canadian ports.

Here is the old dispute revived, and as far from final settlement as ever. There is no doubt that the only specific agreement between the countries is the treaty of 1818, and that that treaty does not admit American vessels to buy-bait. Our reply is that the treaty has been practically superseded by commercial arrangements and legislation. **CALEB CUSHING** contended that England had totally misinterpreted the treaty to our disadvantage. Senator **EVARTS**, whose view upon such a subject is worthy of careful consideration, holds that the fishery rights are regulated by treaty, but that transactions like the purchase of bait are determined by legislation or special convention. But this view does not dispose of the assertion that the treaty of 1818 is a special convention prohibiting the purchase of bait. Meanwhile, nothing is clea[illegible]but the seizure of the vessels. Whether they are seized as engaged in violation of treaty stipulations or of the customs laws does not appear. There is a great deal of warm assertion and defiance and reproach. But it is evident that the dispute remains, not indeed with Canada, which is not a principal, but with Great Britain. Our case must be submitted to the Foreign Office unless we propose to stop with simple retaliation. But retaliation would not adjust the difference.

There is no reason to doubt the friendly disposition of the British government in the matter, nor that there will be a satisfactory issue of the affair so far as international relations are concerned. But the situation is a complete justification of the President's course in recommending a Commission definitely to conclude the whole question. In this country we are very firmly of opinion that commercial legislation has already settled it. But the actual situation shows that it has not settled it. American vessels are seized, and the Senate retaliates. If upon consideration the British government agrees that our view is correct, and that the point in controversy has been determined by legislation, and that damages are due to the seized vessels, the trouble will be for the time pacified. But the question of the proper interpretation of the treaty of 1818 is still open. The question of the fisheries in the large sense still remains, and good understanding and good policy require that it should be thoroughly treated and satisfactorily settled by agents specially empowered for that purpose.

THE PRESIDENT'S VETOES.

THE President's vetoes are public services which the country will appreciate. The pension vetoes and the message upon the proposal to make Springfield in Massachusetts, an inland city of 40,000 inhabitants, a port of entry show a careful regard for the details of legislation and for the public welfare, which are characteristic of their author. He does not approve laws because a majority of his party friends in Congress may have voted for them, nor tolerate raids upon the Treasury because both parties, for political objects, may have supported them. It is not surprising that the vetoes are exciting great attention in Congress. They are exciting no less attention and great approbation in the country at large.

The President's personal qualities are a force in the present political situation much too important to be overlooked by any sagacious politician. If they do not secure the hearty admiration of the leaders and organs of his party, they command the confidence of good citizens in all parties, and that is the ultimate controlling power in politics. The real leader is the man who apprehends correctly that sentiment, and acts accordingly. It is undoubtedly an immense advantage for the Democratic party that, returning to power, after a quarter of a century, amid general distrust and apprehension, it has brought into the Presidency a man so plainly bent upon honest government and so strong and courageous as Mr. **CLEVELAND**, under whose administration that distrust and vague apprehension of calamities, of tampering with the finances, of favoring Confederate objects, of repealing good laws, have disappeared.

This is an immense advantage for the President's party, because it deprives the Republicans of that appeal to fear which was one of the most persuasive arguments in '84, and it relieves vested interests of the apprehension that they would be imperiled by Democratic success. This last is a change which will be probably apparent in the contributions to the Republican party treasury. The good impression made upon the country by the President is not weakened by the fact that he is not acceptable to the trading politicians and bosses of his party, and to the Democratic press which "follows for the reward." On the contrary, this strengthens him so that despite the perfunctory Republican opposition, and the sincere Democratic dislike, and the occasional Independent amazement and protest, he is doubtless stronger in popular sympathy and support than when he was elected. Every veto which, like his recent vetoes, is plainly in the interest of the public and not of a party, will deepen and extend this confidence, while old and exhausted party cries and little captious "digs" at his course will avail nothing against the effect of his sturdy integrity and obvious honest purpose.

A QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

MR. **POWDERLY**'s letter upon the boycott suggests the question, which is not a new one, whether those who insist most vehemently upon protection for American labor have not shown their hostility to it by promoting the immigration of foreign laborers, who recruit the ranks of anarchists and the dangerous classes. The association and united action of laborers are as legitimate and lawful as those of capitalists. When there has been serious hostility, which ought not to exist, between the two producing forces, capital and labor, it is historically certainly not due to labor. To make such association and union the reason for refusing employment is a boycott, and it is boycotting quite as menacing to the common welfare as boycotting by laboring-men. We have already expressed our opinion of the boycott as an unjustifiable coercion of lawful individual liberty, and it is quite as unjustifiable when imposed by capital as by labor. Among all men the greed of wealth is unsparingly selfish. Unlimited power tends always to abuse, and to suppose that the peculiar power of the great wage-payer over the wage-earner is not often and pitilessly abused is to forget human nature and history.

To resent the organization of American labor for perfectly legitimate purposes by bringing into the country hordes of ignorant foreigners of the most debased kind, who understand neither our language nor our institutions, and who add nothing to the country except hopeless ignorance, pauperism, and crime, is a very grave offence against the commonwealth. The importation of the cleanest, most orderly, most peaceful, most inoffensive laborers in the world, the Chinese, has been prohibited by law. The real ground of the exclusion is that they gradually supplant American labor, which cannot thrive as Americans should thrive, upon wages by which the Chinese prosper. As was said recently, and with great felicity and insight, by an observer of the situation in California, "It is the virtues, not the vices, of the Chinese that threaten us." But if it be wise to exclude from our shores the best and most inoffensive laborers in the world, whose virtues are to be feared, why is it not a monstrous wrong to bring in the most degraded and dangerous laborers, whose vices menace peace and order?

To maintain a practical boycott against American workmen by a resort to such importation is as serious a blunder, to say no more, as any that the workmen have committed. Committees of associations of Knights of Labor have authorized most wrongful and mistaken measures. But to judge the whole body, with all its principles and purposes and influence, by such excesses, to disregard entirely its official declarations, and the orderly, intelligent, and admirable conduct of much of its membership, is as foolish as to judge a Church by the follies of some of its parishes, or a political party by the extravagances of a faction. Bishop **HENRY C. POTTER**, of New York, has done a great and a truly Christian service in reminding the members of his communion of the duties of the more favored and prosperous classes in society, and of the spirit which should govern all human relations. No man knows more than he or more familiarly the condition, the needs, and the feelings of the extremes of society. No man's voice and hand have been readier to plead the cause and to aid the efforts of the poor and struggling and unfortunate. His words are well worth heeding, for they remind us that it is not by jealousy and suspicion and the inexorable demand of the pound of flesh, but by friendly frankness and consultation and concession and consciousness of a common interest and welfare, that the most vital social questions of the time are to be satisfactorily adjusted. The boycott, whether by capital or labor, is not peace, but war, and the chief questions of to-day are not questions which war can settle.

REACTION.

IT will be unfortunate, from every point of view except that of reaction, if the **TOBIN** bill should become a law in Massachusetts. There is little doubt of its passage by the Legislature, for it was ordered to a third reading in the House by a vote of more than two to one. The bill exempts veterans of the army and navy from the examination which is now necessary to ascertain proper fitness for the public service. Practically it annuls the civil service law, and restricts appointments to the class which is exempted from competition. Many veterans, who are best authorized to speak for soldiers and sailors, have strongly declared that they do not desire such a law. But the great vote in its favor in the House, and the conceded probability of the acquiescence of the Senate, show unquestionably a feeling upon the part of the members that their action will be approved. The bill is, of course, a party measure. It is intended to propitiate "the soldier vote," and the politicians of both parties are naturally in favor of it.

But such a serious step as the practical repeal and discredit of the reform law under the pretence of patriotic regard for the soldiers of the Union, like the reckless legislation for pensions in Congress, which the President has wisely rebuked, should call a halt, that the people may consider whether the just obligation of the country to the soldiers and sailors of the Union shall be farther used by demagogues as a cover for indefensible measures. When the Society of the Cincinnati was formed, after the Revolution, it was decried as an aristocratic organization full of danger to republican institutions. But its numbers and its character both forbade such a conclusion. The association of Union veterans, however, is so vast, so extended, and so thoroughly organized, and it already takes such part in political action, and so naturally provides for its continuance by the descendants of veterans, that it is evidently a force which may even now determine elections. To oppose the demands of "the soldier vote" is already thought to be fatal to the political aspirant. But the question recurs, ought patriotic citizens to show their grateful appreciation of the services of veterans by modifications which amount practically to repeal of laws carefully designed to promote the general welfare, and which are acknowledged to be effective to that end? There is no reason to doubt, because experience has proved, that soldiers can pass the moderate examinations for appointment in the civil service as well as other applicants. But to exempt them from examination altogether will prevent the most competent applicants from offering themselves for examination when they know not only that any veteran will be preferred without an examination, but that the appointing officer will take the veteran for the same reason that the legislator exempts him. The Massachusetts Legislature is Republican. The Republican party claims to be the party of civil service reform. But there is not an intelligent Republican who does not understand such a bill, and know that it is necessarily fatal to the reformed system, and intended to be fatal by its projectors. Possibly the Republican Governor can save the reform bill by a veto. But nothing can save the Republican Legislature from the discredit of having attempted the practical overthrow of the reformed system.

Meanwhile Mr. Randall, the Democratic leader in the House of Representatives at Washington, has struck a similar reactionary blow at the national reform law. He proposes that the Commission shall certify to the appointing officer the whole eligible list, instead of the four names which stand highest, which is the present rule. This would abolish the competitive test, and open the free play of favoritism and partisan preference which it is the object of competition to prevent. The result would be that any applicant who could succeed in passing the moderate examination would be presented for appointment instead of those only who pass highest. This is the old system of pass examinations which was found to be totally ineffective in preventing the abuses of patronage. Mr. Randall's committee propose also to annul the limitation of age for the examinations, and to withhold the money appropriated until the change is made. This action is unmistakable. It shows the kind of support which the Democratic party in the House gives the Democratic President in his most important policy; and it shows the want of sympathy with reform among the Democratic party leaders, as the action of the Massachusetts Legislature discloses the same feeling among Republican politicians in that State. It is not upon party leaders on either side that the President can rely. His real support is among the people who do not seek office nor run a party machine, but who desire with him to see the business service of the government cease to be the plunder of partisans. In the confidence of this constituency in both parties the President is strong. In the contest that he is waging he stands for the people as against the politicians, or men who make a trade of politics, and although it seems to be a paradox, it is none the less true, that the more unbending his course, the more indispensable he becomes to his party.

THE JAEHNE CONVICTION.

The trial of the late Alderman Jaehne for bribery has ended in his conviction. Judge Barrett very properly told the jury that they were not to be praised for doing their duty in rendering the verdict which they thought just. But there has been a universal and most merited expression of public approval of the course of Judge Barrett himself in preventing the proceedings upon the part of lawyers at such trials which have greatly and properly discredited the New York bar. Judge Barrett would not permit stump-speeches and harangues to buncombe, and insisted that the counsel should confine themselves to the case.

It is, however, mortifying that there should have been a general expectation that the case against Jaehne would fail, and that it was necessary to seclude the jury in order to prevent them from "being bribed to acquit the bribed," as an English journal puts it. It was undoubtedly necessary, and this fact shows how low "the great Anglo-Saxon muniment of liberty, the trial by jury," has fallen. Such a fact shows the incomparable value of a thoroughly upright magistrate like Judge Barrett. Such a judge, and not the jury, is the bulwark of liberty.

Jaehne's counsel have made every desperate effort to secure a new trial, and undoubtedly every step to the full execution of the legal penalty will be contested. But by the demonstration that a bribed New York Alderman can actually be lodged in Sing Sing, something has been done to make municipal bribery and mercenary political jobbery a little more difficult. The political jobbery of the Tammany-Republican ring in the Legislature and the press can be reached at the polls.

THE CONTEST IN ENGLAND.

Events move rapidly in England, and the Gladstone ministry may have resigned before this paper is issued. Mr. Gladstone's refusal to modify his Irish bill to please Mr. Chamberlain completed the separation from him of Mr. Chamberlain and his friends, and after a day or two the conviction in England was universal that the bill would be defeated. The three London Sunday correspondents of the *Herald*, Justin McCarthy, James O'Kelly, and the Conservative who signs his letters "A Member of Parliament," all agreed that from the different points of view the prospect was very doubtful.

In case of defeat, unless the majority is too significant, and that is improbable, Parliament probably will be dissolved, and Mr. Gladstone will appeal to the country. The first result of a successful appeal would be the political disappearance of Mr. Chamberlain. He would have led an abortive revolt against the wishes of the Liberal party. The second result would be the passage of the bill substantially in its present form, and the third would be serious trouble in Ulster, if not in England.

The misfortune of the situation, if a dissolution should follow the failure of the second reading of the bill, is this, that the question submitted to the people would not be simply home rule, but the particular form of home rule provided by the bill. It seems now to be clear that if Mr. Gladstone had proposed to the House simply a declaration in favor of home rule, it would have passed, and the principle being thus conceded, the details could have been arranged. But as Mr. Gladstone himself said in his manifesto that the question for the second reading was simply the principle of home rule, the same ground may be taken by his supporters at the polls. The weight of English opinion against the Gladstone bill is very remarkable. Almost all the more distinguished names in the country, including Lecky, who more than any English historian has exposed the wrongs of Ireland, and Herbert Spencer, are arrayed against it. In the present aspect of the controversy Mr. Gladstone seems to be more than ever "the people's William," and it would be a very striking fact if the great middle class which is held to be the citadel of distinctive English character and conviction should prove to be friendly to Irish home rule.

ONE LITTLE JOB.

The city reform laws of 1884 were intended to prevent any control by the Aldermen of the Mayor's appointments, among which the Excise Commissioners were meant to be included. By an oversight, however, they seemed to have been excluded, and the Senate remedied the defect of the bill. It then went to the Assembly, in which the Tammany-Republicans meant to defeat it for the benefit of the liquor interest. The New York *Tribune* suggested that the appointment should be given to the judges of the higher courts, which was a proposition to disagree with the Senate, and which aided the Tammany-Republican scheme by securing delay for the benefit of the opponents of the Senate bill.

This proposition was cited in the Assembly by the Tammany-Republicans as evidence that Republican sentiment in the city was opposed to the bill. They then proposed that the appointment should be given to the President of the Board of Aldermen. Upon this the *Tribune* continued the exercises by suggesting that it should be vested in the Board of Apportionment. The Mayor, who of course should appoint the Excise Commissioners, had already nominated three unexceptionable persons. It was a procedure in accordance with the intention of the reform bill which the Senate had ratified. The defeat of that intention by depriving the Mayor of the power of appointment would be a victory for the liquor interest. Why was it desirable to annul so much of the reform legislation of 1884 as would propitiate that interest?

The answer is given in the following telegram, which is published by the *Evening Post*, which italicizes a part of it:

"Albany, *May* 12.

"*To the Tribune, New York city:*

"The Excise Bill will probably pass the Assembly to-morrow morning. Three commissioners will be appointed under it, one a Republican, and not a Grace Republican. The bill will materially help the Republican party, *giving Republican saloon-keepers in the city the protection to which they are entitled*, and will prevent the use of the Department against *us* politically.

"Sheridan Shook."

"DEAD."

The New York *Herald* is of opinion that civil service reform is dead because neither party supports it. But the antislavery agitation was not dead in 1852 because the Whigs let it severely alone, and the Democrats were guided by the slave power, and Franklin Pierce was elected President by a great majority. The next year the Whig party vanished, and in 1856 the antislavery sentiment had formed a new party and cast 1,300,000 votes, and in 1860 elected its President.

The antislavery movement was not dead because the politicians did not support it. It was living because the people were awakening to its importance. The popular feeling which compelled the Republicans and Democrats in Congress to pass the reform bill in 1883 is now very much more general and active and informed. Reform was constantly declared to be dead during the Hayes administration. But its chief work has been done since that time, and it has life enough to survive all the death bulletins of politicians, and will see them all claiming to have been original reformers.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

At a late meeting of the Central Labor Union of Buffalo, Mr. Frederick Schnell offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

"*Resolved*, That this Central Labor Union, speaking in the name of the organized working-men of Buffalo, do strongly condemn and denounce the tactics of the Chicago anarchists, who have by their un-American views and devilish maliciousness caused the death and injury of many officers of the law and law-abiding citizens; and

"*Resolved*, That it is the unanimous view of the members of the organizations represented in the Buffalo Central Labor Union that in the settlement of labor disputes calm discussion is better than dynamite, and laws for the benefit of the toiler can be obtained only through the ballot, and not by the bullet; and

"*Resolved*, That the carrying of red flags in labor parades indicates the presence of outlaws opposed to the interests of the toiler, and such displays of ignorance regarding our institutions and defiance of the constituted authorities should be suppressed by the police."

This is undoubtedly the view of the great multitude of intelligent American citizens, and the resolutions were strongly advocated in the Union before they were adopted.

A letter from Mr. Schnell was read resigning his membership of the Union because its constitution forbids the membership of an office-holder, and he had been appointed upon the local Civil Service Commission. In the letter Mr. Schnell said:

"I believe in civil service reform because it means better and more economical government, national, State, or municipal; it means removing the offices beyond the reach of the politicians, who have been too long allowed to pay their political debts to their henchmen with places in the public service, regardless in many instances of the qualification of the person appointed. Under civil service rules legislators can better attend to their duties as law-makers, not being obliged to waste so much of their time in place-hunting for their 'constituents,' and the heads of departments can put in their time attending to business, instead of having a large part of it taken up in listening to appeals for positions. Civil service reform tends to give us a government based on business principles, and nobody is more interested in an honest and economical administration of public affairs than the working-men, because they earn and contribute in various ways the money with which public officers are paid. It will give any intelligent and industrious person an opportunity to enter the public service by simply studying the duties of the desired position, and entering the competitive examination, where the poorest is on an equality with the richest, and the best man wins."

This is the truth in a nutshell, and it could not be better said. After the letter had been read, it was urged that such an office was not contemplated as a disability, and that Mr. Schnell's appointment showed that the Commission was not made up in the interest of any class, and that there would be no favoritism or trickery. The Union refused, by a unanimous vote, to accept the resignation. The proceedings are very significant, because they prove that working-men prefer "the aristocracy" of honest equal rights in the public service offered by the reform, to the aristocracy of a service filled by political jobbery.

PERSONAL.

Chang, the Chinese giant, may be seen occasionally on the streets, dressed in a business suit of black. He speaks several languages fluently, and is much esteemed personally. His prospective bride in Ohio is said to admire him chiefly for his domestic virtues. He is a much larger man than Colonel Goschen, the "Arabian giant," whom Mr. Barnum has exhibited, off and on, ever since the days of his Ann Street museum, and who lives on a farm in New Jersey. The Colonel prides himself on his symmetry, and holds that bigger giants than he are mere monstrosities, and, as such, possessed of no legitimate human interest. His own development, he insists, has been entirely normal.

—A distinguished citizen has an interesting boy of four years who likes to amuse himself with needle-work, but last Sunday the child's nurse objected to his practice of that innocuous avocation on the ground that no work should be done on the Sabbath. The difference was settled satisfactorily to both parties, however, by allowing the boy to sew with a thread the end of which had not been knotted. "It is not work," explained the nurse, "if you only draw the thread through the cloth."

—Professor Wilmarth's pupils at the National Academy of Design presented him with a handsome table at the close of the season. President Daniel Huntington, as the spokesman of the occasion, assured the professor that the significance of the gift was not that he should be laid on the table, but rather that, as a disciplinarian, he should be the custodian of the tables of the law.

—The recipients of the gold medals at the second Prize Fund Exhibition are querying what to do with them. Not long ago an American honor man sold his medal, after taking a plaster cast of it. The cast, he observed, will preserve the honor, and the cash will serve the hour. Mr. L. E. Myers, the pedestrian, upon becoming a professional has converted his amateur trophies from medals into cash at the United States assay office, receiving for the gold in them $101.

—A financial reporter on the staff of a New York daily journal got into the councils of a ring of speculators, and cleared $120,000 in a single transaction. In another transaction a few days afterward he lost every cent of it.

—The Queen of England went recently from Windsor Castle to Liverpool, a journey of five hours, which she preferred to make at night in a sleeping-car. On arriving at her destination early in the morning she found three royal carriages awaiting her, each horsed by four bays, the grooms wearing Ascot liveries of scarlet and gold. Fifty thousand school-children in mass sang "God save the Queen."

—"It is with feelings of deep pride," said Prince Albert Victor, at the opening of the Edinburgh International Exhibition, "that I remember that these international exhibitions owe their origin to my revered grandfather, the lamented Prince Consort." The silver spade which he used when planting a Scotch elm in the grounds of the Exhibition was inscribed with the words, "Be aye stickin' in a tree; 'twill be growing when yer sleeping."

—Mr. Spurgeon had sufficiently recovered from his attack of gout to be present at the annual Commencement of the Pastors' College on the 6th of May. He expressed a growing fondness for old things, for old tunes, for old books which wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, for things, in a word, which commend themselves as having some standing in society through not having been born yesterday. If he ever took to drinking poison, he believed that he should choose old wines. But as it was, he did not go in that direction.

—The London *Academy:* "Dr. Charles C. Abbott deserves to be well known to all lovers of nature on this side of the Atlantic. His *Upland and Meadow* is the most delightful book of its kind which America has given to us, and it closely approaches White's *Selborne*. Not only is the author a keen and close observer, an accurate and patient listener, a master of cunning contrivances in his pursuits of nature, but he has good spirits, good humor, good temper, and a good heart. We do not read many pages until we get as much interested in his own nature as in his observations of nature."

—The widow of the French battle painter M. De Neuville, whom, it will be remembered, he married on his death-bed, obtains more than $60,000 from the sale of the pictures and sketches left in his studio. The marriage ceremony was delayed for years, owing to the objections of De Neuville's mother, to whom he was deeply attached.

—Modern duelling, usually ridiculous because not dangerous, still survives in the environs of Paris. M. Rochefort at a recent encounter had the choice of weapons, and chose pistols, because he was "too nervous to be a good swordsman." His adversary escaped unhurt after four shots at a distance of ninety feet. So did M. Rochefort.

—A very rich man, the Marchese Faggese, died recently at Foggia, in southern Italy, leaving many jewels and securities. During the contest of his will the house was left in charge of the police; but when the heirs returned, after their disputes were settled, they discovered that all the valuables were gone. Not a jewel, not a bond, remained. They have begun suit against the police of Foggia.

—The etiquette of the Austrian court is that the sovereign shall not attend the funeral of a subject; but as a special mark of respect to the memory of Dr. Pauler, Minister of Justice, the Austrian Emperor was present at his obsequies.

—Fourteen thousand persons paid for admission last year to Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon, besides the crowds of sight-seers on bank holidays. The trustees expended about $3600, and now have $12,500 invested in consols.

—Her Majesty's contributions to the Liverpool Exhibition were the carriage in which the Prince of Wales rides to shooting parties, a phaeton with ivory mountings, a drosky, two sledges, an ambulance wagon, a post-chaise, and the little chaises used by the Prince of Wales and his sister, the Crown Princess of Germany, when they were children. President Cleveland's contributions to the private museum of the Sultan of Turkey are photographs of scenery in the United States, portraits of Indian chiefs, and copies of the latest census reports.

ARTHUR QUARTLEY.

The late Mr. Arthur Quartley was born in Paris, of English parents, May 24, 1839. He soon was taken to England, and at the age of thirteen found himself in New York. He was thirty-four years old before becoming a professional artist. He never studied in an art school nor under a master, and his first use of the brush was as a sign-painter and house-decorator in New York and Baltimore.

Of the manner in which he painted his "Close of a Stormy Day," which was hung in the Academy Exhibition of 1877, he once said: "Having been kept by a storm for three days in a house on the shore, at sunset there was a glorious break-up, and I went out to see it. It was too grand, too awe-inspiring, too rapidly changing, for me to attempt to make a sketch of it then. In the morning, after dreaming over the scene, I made a colored drawing of it—a delightful way of doing: your mind is not confused by the changes that so swiftly succeed one another. After I had begun to paint the picture it seemed a total failure. For months it stood upon the easel. I tried a dozen times to get at it, but could not reach the subtlety and true significance. There are perhaps fifty or sixty days' work on the canvas, but it doesn't follow that four or five days would not have made a better picture. It is very strange how sometimes every touch seems to tell, and at other times how no touch seems to produce anything."

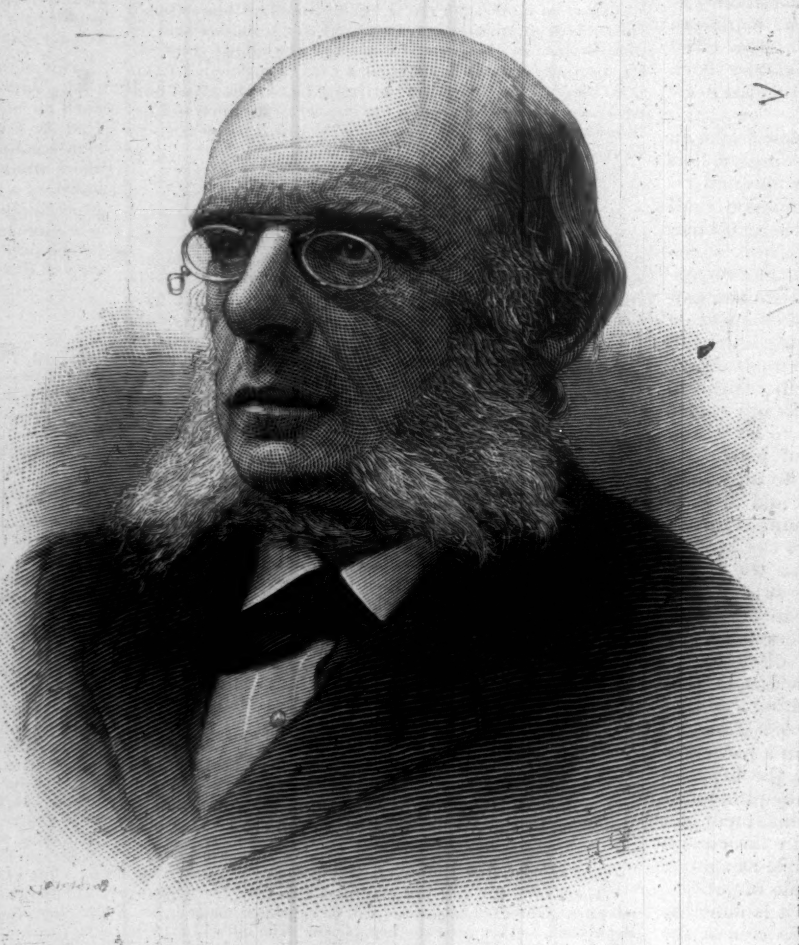
Mr. Quartley was elected an Academician a few days before his death, and he had for several years been a member of the Society of American Artists. He was one of the founders of the Tile Club, and his social gifts were many. His best works were an unconventional interpretation of the gladness and mystery of the sea, and, in their fulness of vibrating light and ambient air, allied him with the school of the future.

PRESIDENT TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

On the 20th of May the corporation of Yale College unanimously elected, on the first formal ballot, Professor Timothy Dwight, of the Theological School, as President of the College, in place of Dr. Noah Porter, who had resigned about six months before. The gratifying harmony shown in this choice, especially considering the wide differences of opinion that had been developed among graduates in public discussions upon the future policy of the College, is not only a marked compliment to the incoming President, but a happy omen for Yale. Those, too, who had sought in the retirement of the greatly esteemed and respected ex-President an opportunity for cutting loose from the custom which selects the President of the College from among Congregational clergymen will nevertheless be glad to see that in the overruling of their ideas so excellent a representative of the traditional class of Yale College governors has been chosen.

Dr. Dwight is a grandson of the Dr. Timothy Dwight who was President of Yale from 1795 to 1817, his own father being James Dwight, a merchant. Born at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1828, he entered Yale at the age of seventeen, and graduated with high rank in 1849. Two years later he became a tutor in the College while pursuing his theological studies in the seminary. In 1855 he resigned his tutorship, and the next spring went to Europe, where he studied at Bonn and Berlin, returning to this country in 1858. He was then made Buckingham Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological School, and has so continued until now. He was also a member of the American Committee for the Revision of the English Version of the Bible.

Coming of good Connecticut stock, thoroughly identified with Yale through ancestral ties and through his own life from boyhood, an experienced and very popular instructor, a careful student of the theory and practice of education, especially during the modern discussions as to means and methods, a man of sound and varied learning, and holding an entirely adequate social prominence, President Dwight sets out on his new course with the happiest auspices, and with the prospect of making his administration, both for the financial and the educational interests of Yale, one of the most prosperous and useful in her history. That his selection is a conservative triumph there is no doubt, but it is quite possible that the progressive school will find less reason to fear dragging back than they had anticipated when the choice was still in doubt. Certainly he has long been recognized as one of the most prominent representatives of the University, and the very fact that he was chosen without any opposition will inspire confidence, as it is also a source of universal congratulation.

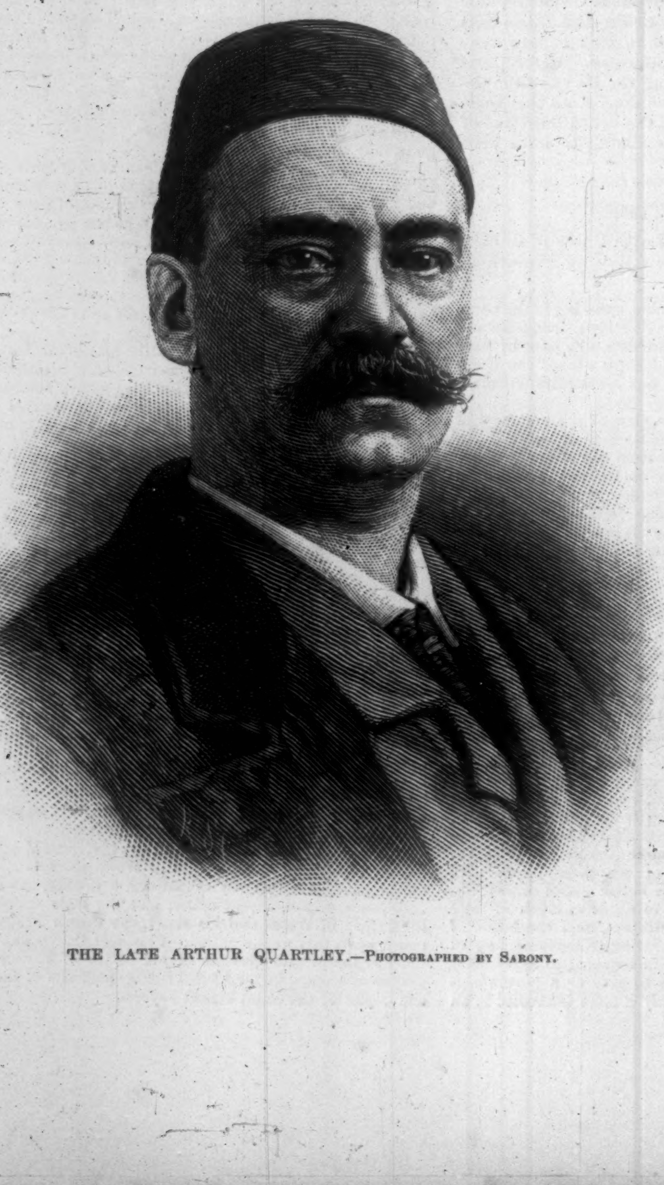


REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D., PRESIDENT-ELECT OF YALE COLLEGE.
Photographed by Pach.

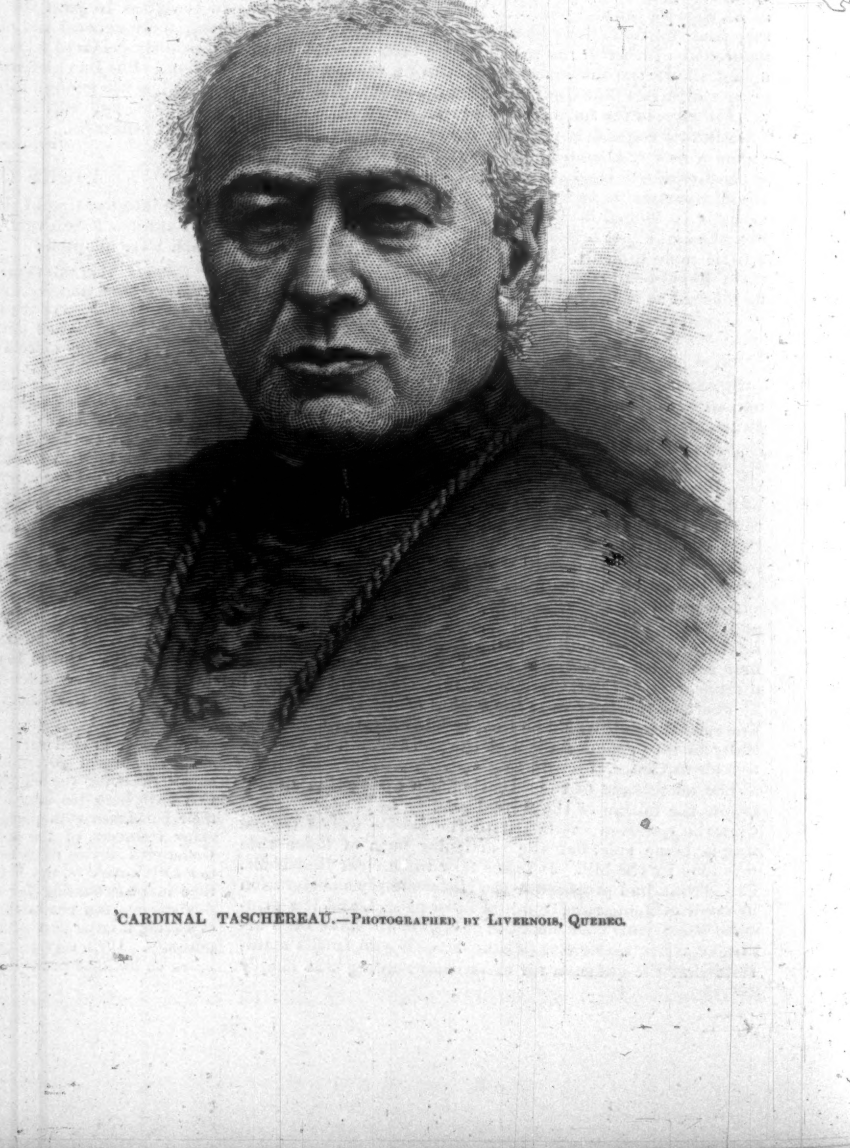
THE CANADIAN CARDINAL.

The first official announcement of the elevation of Archbishop Taschereau of Quebec to the Cardinalate was received by the people of the Dominion on the 18th of May, and greeted with manifestations of pleasure, especially in view of the long and distinguished service and the admirable personal qualities of the new Cardinal. The Catholics of Quebec proceeded at once to decorate their dwellings, to unfurl their flags, and to hold commemorative services in their churches; and their brethren in other cities displayed equal enthusiasm in doing honor to Dr. Taschereau. When the Pontifical Zouaves called upon him and presented an address of congratulation the occasion became one of general festivity, and the streets were illuminated by a grand pyrotechnic display. The news of this cordial and unique reception was telegraphed throughout the United States, and soon found its way to the chambers of the Vatican.

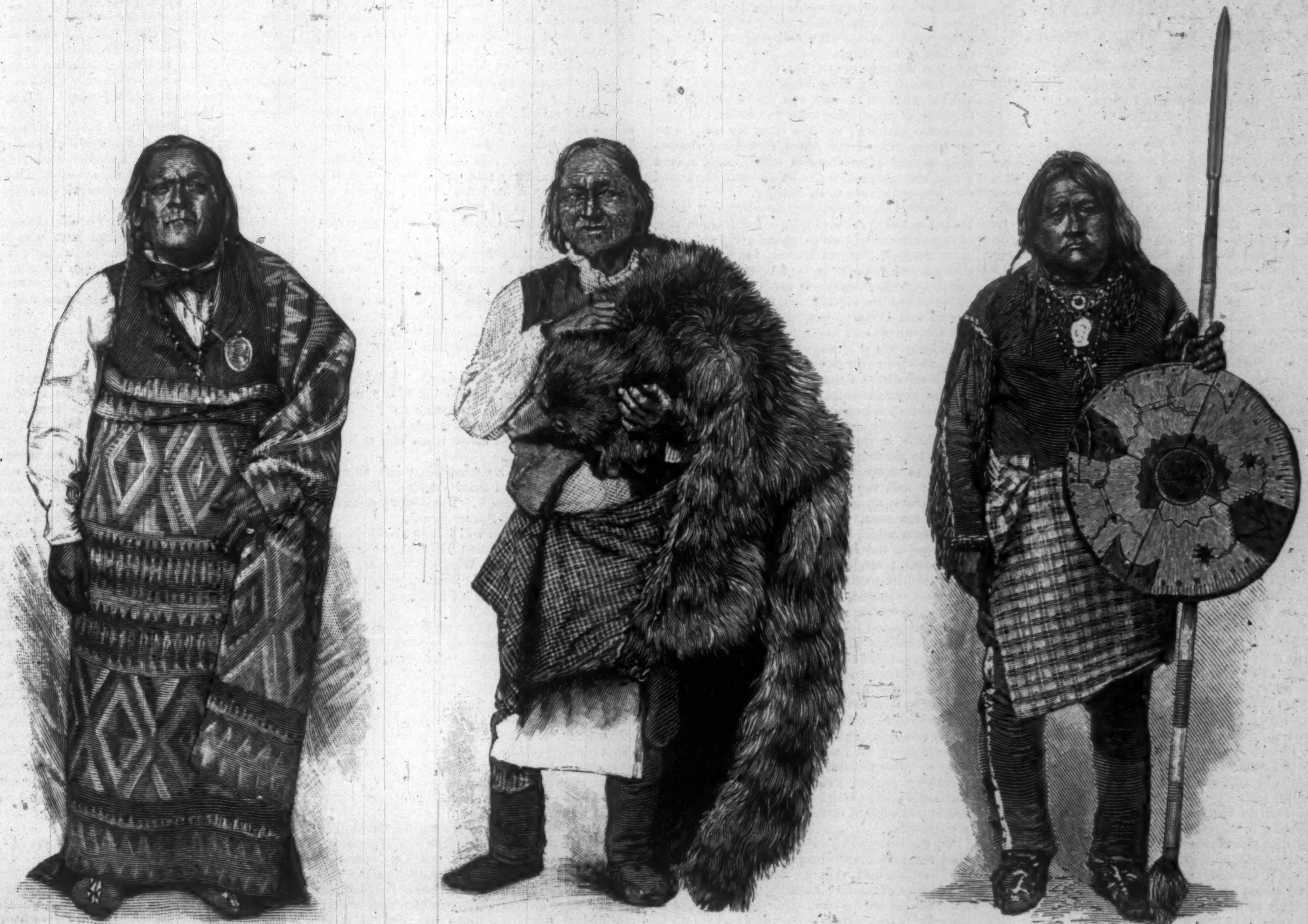
It is announced that when the Cardinal's berretta shall have arrived from Rome, on or about the 10th of June, many of the congratulatory festivities will be repeated. Meanwhile his Eminence has signalized his accession to office by an act in the interest of the public morals. He has caused to be issued a circular letter whose object it is to promulgate a recent decree of the Pope forbidding the use of spirituous and fermented liquors at bazars. The promptness with which the Cardinal has taken this important step is considered to be an earnest of his intentions in the cause of temperance, especially as he has already spoken upon the subject with characteristic energy and wisdom. But he advances still further by prohibiting the holding of bazars on Sundays. This latter act is the more noteworthy because Quebec is perhaps the city on this continent, north of Mexico, in which Protestant ways of thinking have made the least inroad upon the habits of Roman Catholic countries.



THE LATE ARTHUR QUARTLEY.—Photographed by Sarony.

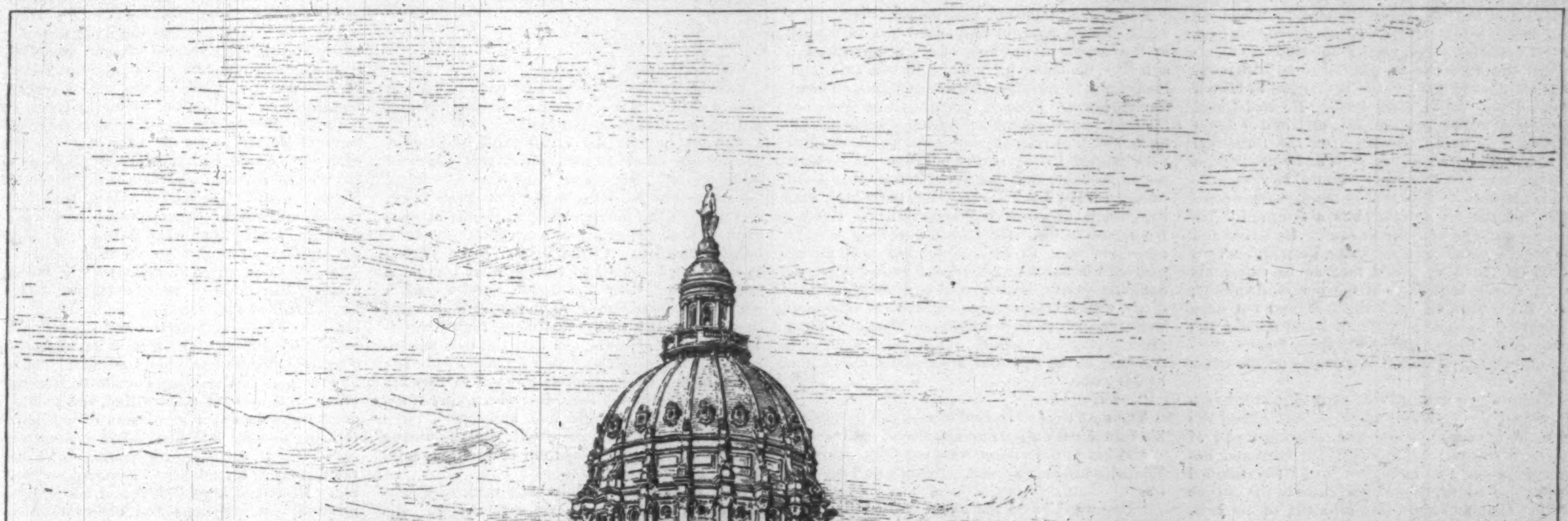


CARDINAL TASCHEREAU.—Photographed by Livernois, Quebec.



SAN JUAN, HEAD CHIEF. GORGONIO, MEDICINE-MAN. NANTZILI, HEAD WAR CHIEF.

THE MESCALERO APACHES.—Photographed by A. Frank Randall.—[See Page 346.]



THE PROPOSED NEW CAPITOL OF GEORGIA.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley from the Architect's Plans.—[See Page 347.]

CYNIC FORTUNE:*

A TALE OF A MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "First Person Singular," "Rainbow Gold," "A Model Father," etc.

III.

Auguste Moreau was conscious of having done a dreadful thing, but he was also conscious of a reason for it. To commit murder without reason would be, surely, to touch the limit of unreasonableness. Robert Kenyon had had many things the possession of which seemed highly desirable to Auguste Moreau. Some of them the killing of him secured at once; some of them it seemed likely to secure. Amongst the things to be secured at once were any and every scrap of paper the dead man had about him, his money, his jewelry, his very sleeve-links, since they bore his initials, and might serve to proclaim his identity.

Auguste Moreau seemed peculiarly desirous that his victim's identity should remain obscure when his body should come to be found. He made a careful search of Kenyon's clothing, and wherever he found his victim's initials he cut them away. The parchment tabs within the collar of undercoat and overcoat, inscribed "Robert Kenyon, Esq.," he cut away with a bistoury, and folding them neatly, bestowed them in his own waistcoat pocket. The ring upon the left-hand little finger had an engraved carnelian for a seal. Moreau tugged at this quite vainly; for the middle joint was enlarged, and the ring was a fixture there. But he solved the difficulty at last by filing through the thinner part of the ring, and bending it backward until it quitted the finger.

He went through the whole of this dreadful business with an apparent calm, wondering at himself now and again that it should be so. He had done many things in his lifetime at the dictates of necessity, of which neither his own conscience nor the general sentiments of humanity could approve, but this was his first essay at murder; and he had hitherto supposed that murder was a nervous sort of act, and could only be performed under circumstances of special rage—an act into which even a man with a conscience might be surprised, but which he would assuredly regret at once. He was surprised to discover that he had no regrets, and to feel as if the whole terrible thing were an affair of every day, with only an underlying hint of horror in it.

Suddenly, and without any warning, so far as he had noticed, the candle fell into its socket, and flared out. Then, whilst he groped tremblingly to secure materials for a light, he began to know that this underlying hint of horror was capable of expansion into an overwhelming and all-shadowing fear. When he had found the candle and the matches, he fumbled with them for a full minute; his knees knocked together in the extremity of his fear, and his hands trembled so wildly that he could scarce bring the match and the match-box together. When he had succeeded in getting a light, this sudden gust of nervous terror died away; but Moreau was no longer the uninterested personage he had been, and his glances toward the bed began to take a hurried and furtive fearfulness. He had found a sheet of paper, pen and ink, and half a dozen wafers. He wrote, turning, after the formation of almost every letter, one swift and fear-stricken glance over his shoulder: "Quitté la ville. De retour Samedi." He tried to moisten the wafers with his tongue, but this was a failure, for his tongue and lips were dry as sand. He seized and emptied a carafe of stale water, keeping his eyes fixed on the dead man's face as he threw his head slowly backward in the act of drinking; and then, backing from the bed, and not once venturing to look away from it, he opened the door of the room, and with groping fingers affixed the writing to one of the panels on the outer side.

There was a cracked fragment of mirror hanging upon the wall, and when he had closed the door he advanced to this, and selecting a pair of surgical shears from amongst the scattered implements on the table, cut away his tangled growth of beard, trimming it close to the outline of his face, and shore the elf-locks of his hair. This, at another time, might have seemed to take a score of years from his apparent age; but at that moment his age was the precise age of abject horror, and mere time had no question with it. He made an indeterminate attempt to draw away an overcoat which had been loosely thrown upon the bed, and was now partly covered by Robert Kenyon's body. But after one or two feeble and ineffectual tuggings at it, made with a frightened slyness as if he dreaded to awake a sleeper, he relinquished it, and moved backward from the body. He took up a battered and greasy hat, and having set it on before the mirror without so much as a glance at his own reflection there, he stooped over the candle and blew feebly at the flame. The flame wavered, and he made no further attempt to extinguish it, but, shuffling backward step by step, with his eyes on Kenyon's face, fumbled for the handle of the door behind him, opened it, passed out backward, and closed it, and locked it between him and the murdered man. Then he seemed to recover something of his courage, and passing both hands over his face, he gave a gasping sob of relief, moved swiftly to the door, passed out, and, at a good round pace, walked down the street.

His receding figure had scarcely vanished at the corner of the street when the door he had closed behind him but two minutes earlier reopened, and who should emerge from it but that same Gustave Peltzer who had been scared from his harpy work by Auguste Moreau an hour or two before. Gustave was in a state of high excitement; his eyes glittered; his feverish footsteps went miching silently and swiftly over the snow-covered pavement; and when he reached the foot of the street, he ran from corner to corner, peering round each, like an ape or a cat, or any cowardly sly thing bent on mischief. He sighted Auguste Moreau, and he followed. The dripping of the melting snow had ceased; a keen wind was blowing; and the snow lay crisp upon the pavement. A full moon, struggling against long streaks of diaphanous clouds, shed a light which was sometimes almost as clear as that of day, and sometimes quite illusory.

Gustave Peltzer, skipping and hopping noiselessly, crouching in doorways, peering from entries, taking skirmisher's advantage of every abutment upon his way, followed Moreau for hours. The chase seemed likely to be a long one, for the murderer walked aimlessly and fast. Sometimes he threaded so rapidly the labyrinth of little streets that Peltzer sweated with an apish anxiety lest he should lose him; but the pursuer's knowledge of the blackguard quarter served him well, and he never missed his quarry for more than a minute at a time. The moon went down, and the keen wind cleared away the clouds which lingered in remembrance of the snow-storm. For a while the sky seemed black, and then, lightening a little, it stole through all the intervening grades to the bright flame of early day. People began to move about the hitherto deserted streets; and the pursuer felt himself grow a little bolder, though he dared not even now approach too near. Once, when the early traffic had grown rapid, and there were many hurrying footsteps in the street, he came near to betraying himself; for, having allowed Moreau to round a corner fifty yards in front of him, he had come swiftly up behind, and turning the corner suddenly, had wellnigh run his quarry bodily down. The man stood thinking, with the tip of a forefinger touching his lower lip, and his eyes bent frowningly upon the ground. Peltzer, with bent head and fluttering heart, slunk past him, and glancing over his shoulder, saw him suddenly straighten himself with a gesture of resolve, and set forward once more at a faster pace than ever. From this moment Moreau began to peer, in his short-sighted way, at every public clock, and once or twice paused for a second to look in at the newly opened watch-makers' windows. His footsteps always quickened after such a pause; and it was evident now that he was walking with a purpose.

To the honest Peltzer's disgust, Moreau's purpose revealed itself when he reached the Northern Station, and entering hastily, demanded a third-class ticket for London. Peltzer, hovering near, behind an opportune pile of luggage, heard the other's colloquy with the clerk.

When would the train start? In ten minutes.—When was it due at Boulogne? At such an hour.—When at Dover? At such an hour.—When at London? At such another hour.—Could he break the journey at Boulogne? Assuredly.

Moreau had tendered that hundred-franc note which Robert Kenyon had asked him to devote to the benefit of the poor of his neighborhood; and now, clinching his change in one hand and his coupon in the other, he lounged up and down the platform. Peltzer, regarding him from behind the opportune pile of luggage, cursed heartily, and with convincing emphasis, as his own fingers groped in his empty pockets. It seemed not improbable that Monsieur Peltzer had some urgent reason for following the personage who had taken his own half-accomplished villainy from his hands. He had never been a very agreeable man to look upon, but now, as he gnawed his hairy knuckles, and glared after his escaping quarry, he looked quite diabolical. Suddenly, with a blasphemous expletive of relief and welcome such as only a Parisian blackguard can accomplish, he reached out a lean arm, and, catching at the sleeve of a passer-by, called him by his name.

"Sullivan!"

The man thus addressed turned and recognized his captor with a notable absence of enthusiasm.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked, in English-sounding French. "Don't pull my arm off."

"One word," said the other, still holding him, and touching with a finger of his disengaged hand the coupon the new-comer had flourished as he walked. "You go to London?"

"Yes. What is the matter?"

"You have five minutes; give me one."

Without waiting for "Yea" or "Nay," he dragged his companion to the door leading to the platform. Moreau was standing with his back toward them, scarce ten yards off.

"You see him—that man there?"

"Well!"

"He goes to London also."

"That is very interesting. Thank you." The new-comer spoke gravely, almost solemnly. He was a man rather under the middle size, unmistakably British in build and face, with smooth-shaven cheeks and chin, and curiously mobile features. His generally pervading expression was one of half-apologetic humorous impudence.

"Where that man goes," said Peltzer, speaking with so much eagerness that one word tripped up the other, "you must go."

"Tenez donc," responded Mr. Sullivan, with a repetition of his former manner.

"Mille diables!" broke out Peltzer, "have I the air of jesting? Do I speak to laugh? Listen. We are wasting time. You must follow him. All there is to know of him, you must learn; and you must not let anything take you from the track until you have learned his name and have run him to earth, where he can be found when wanted. Will you do this?"

"Why should I do it?" demanded Sullivan, not unnaturally.

"Because there is money to be got by doing it—perhaps much money—in all cases money—money enough to pay you. Find all you can, and bring or send the information to the old place; you remember?"

"I remember; but this is all very mysterious."

"It will not be mysterious long. Will you do it?"

"Well," said Sullivan, "I may be pledging myself to follow the Wandering Jew, for all I know. Tell me something definite."

"I can tell you," said Peltzer, "nothing more than I have already told you. There is money to be made by it for both of us. I cannot tell how much, but in all probability much. Much. It is possible that neither you nor I might have to work again."

At this beatific prospect Mr. Sullivan smiled. A life of absolute idleness had always commended itself to him as the sweetest of possible dreams. It had never been more than a dream; it had never seemed likely to be more than a dream. The smile of charmed hope faded on his face.

"Why don't you follow him yourself?" Sullivan asked.

"Imbecile!" said the other. "I have not a sou, not a centime. Mère de Dieu! are you blind?" he demanded, thrusting his jaw almost into the doubtful face of his companion. "Are you mad? Do you know when one is in earnest?"

There could be no uncertainty left as to the reality of Monsieur Peltzer's desire. Every inch of him was alive with it. The doubt passed from Sullivan's face, and Peltzer saw it.

"You will go—you will follow him?" he said.

"All right," answered Sullivan, in English. "There is the signal. Where is he going to?"

"London," answered Peltzer, wringing him hard by the hand. "Don't lose him. It may be the making of us both."

Moreau had already stepped into a carriage; Sullivan followed, choosing a compartment at a little distance. Tickets were examined, doors were slammed, and the train began to move.

Peltzer emerged from behind his sheltering pile of luggage, and flattened his nose against the glass of the door which barred him from the platform. The train rapidly gathered way, and had just disappeared from sight when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice spoke in terms of almost affectionate jocosity.

"Aha!" said the voice. "The dear Peltzer. He is wanted."

Peltzer turned, and recognized an old acquaintance. He had no welcome for him, and not even the faintest desire in the world to accompany him; but he went away meekly, and without complaint, at his new companion's summons. When they had walked some hundreds of yards he looked up, with a diabolical grin, and asked, swiftly,

"What is it for?"

The new companion, who wore the uniform of the Parisian police, responded, "Burglary."

Monsieur Peltzer sighed, and he and the gendarme pursued their way in silence.

IV.

"Thomas?"

"Hilloa! missis."

"Wake up, do. I never saw such a man in all my days. Here's the coach coming up hill, and two gentlemen on the roof."

Thomas quitted the comfortable shelter of the bee-hive chair at the door of that excellent hostelry the "King and Constitution," raised his arms above his head, with a prodigious yawn, and entered the house, emerging almost at once in the act of struggling into a cut-away coat of by-gone fashion. As the Meldon coach jingled to the door, he stood to receive what custom it might bring. Over the ample lintel swung a sign-board, proclaiming to the travelling world that Thomas Orgle kept that house for the entertainment of wayfarers, and that the best accommodation might be had within for man and beast; and Thomas Orgle glanced upward to this announcement now and then, as if with a kind of approval. As Mrs. Orgle had announced, there were two travellers by the coach; and the worthy woman smiled, in anticipation of profit, as both descended.

The first was a slightly built man, of thirty-five or so, quietly dressed in dark tweeds. His face was clean shaven, and this fact went against him. A mustache would have been of considerable advantage to him, since it would have served to hide, at least, the corners of his mouth. His features were well enough formed, but the eyes were furtive, and the lips, if there be any truth in the science of physiognomy, or in human instinct, were cruel. He nodded familiarly to the landlord and his wife.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Orgle; good-evening, Orgle. You have not forgotten me, I hope?"

"Why, no, sir," said Mr. Orgle, in a slow and deliberate manner—"we haven't forgotten you, Mr. Gabriel."

The second traveller, who had been giving voluble directions regarding the descent from the coach roof of baggage whose value must have been inversely proportionable to its bulk, to account for his anxiety concerning it, cast a bird-like side glance at Mr. Gabriel, and went on chattering.

"It's a long time since we met," said Mr. Gabriel.

"Why, yes, sir," returned Orgle, scratching his shaven cheek, and speaking with a dry deliberateness of manner, "it is a longish time."

His way of saying it might have seemed, to a sensitive man, to indicate that he could have borne the time of separation to be longer.

"I can have a bedroom here, I suppose, and something to eat?—anything will serve. And can you give me a messenger to carry a letter to the Lodge?"

"We can do that for you, sir," said the landlord, with an air of guarding himself. "Missis! Mr. Gabriel wants a bedroom."

Mr. Gabriel followed his hostess in-doors and upstairs, and the landlord was left alone by the departing coach with traveller number two.

"Good-evening, Mr. Orgle," said the traveller, executing a little impromptu dance in the roadway, with his hands in his pockets. "You are Mr. Orgle, I believe?"

The landlord pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to the sign, and made no further answer.

"Quite so," said the traveller, with another flourish of his legs; "exactly so—the 'King and Constitution.' But isn't that a little out of date—'*King* and Constitution'?"

"That was the sign of my grandfather's time," said Mr. Orgle; "and it might have been in *his* grandfather's time as well, for aught I know. They say it's bad luck to change the sign of a house of entertainment. Why it should be so is more than I know; but so it is, according to all accounts."

"This promises well," said the traveller. "You behold in me, Mr. Orgle, a seeker after rural quiet."

"After?" said the landlord, inquiringly.

"Rural quiet," repeated the traveller—"rustic repose—bucolic beatitude." He paused for a minute, and then added, smiling benignly, "Agricolian anæsthesia, Mr. Orgle."

Mr. Orgle was doubtful as to the stranger's meaning, but he was not doubtful that the stranger was chaffing him. Any attempt in that direction would have been ponderously resented in the case of ninety-nine men in a hundred; but the stranger's smile, though recognizant of his own humor, had in it a certain recognition of the speaker's irresponsibility, and an almost boyish appeal to the sufferance of the person he addressed, that would have disarmed the resentment of the dullest. He was an entirely new development to Mr. Orgle, and on that account alone should, in the nature of things, have been unwelcome and suspicious; but, somewhat to his surprise, the landlord, who was rather of a bull-dog turn as a general thing, found himself grinning in answer to the irresistibly insinuating smile of the stranger.

"I have found it," continued Mr. Sullivan. "I have found the rural quiet prescribed by my medical practitioner for the rehabilitation of a jaded brain and an exhausted nervous system." He jerked his hat to the back of his head by a single bird-like movement, and smiled round upon the landscape.

"If it's quiet as you're after," said the landlord, "you can get it here, and enough on it."

"Good!" said Mr. Sullivan. "Here I shall renew my youth—like the Orgle." His smile would have been enough to disarm anger, even if the landlord had understood the full atrocity of the pun. "I will begin the process at once, if you please, landlord, with eggs and bacon."

"There's cold beef, if you would rather have it, sir," said the landlord.

"No," said Mr. Sullivan, poising his head meditatively on one side; "eggs and bacon are more rural. Give me eggs and bacon."

The new arrival seemed the most candid, the most childish, open-hearted of men; and after an hour spent in his society, the landlord felt as if he had known him all his life. As a matter of fact, he knew nothing, and even a little less than nothing. Before the most rudimentary knowledge of Mr. Sullivan's character could be reached, it was necessary to know one thing about him. He was as polished and as readily inventive a liar as walked. He had a natural bent toward the art, and sedulous practice had so strengthened native faculty that, when he sat in Mr. Orgle's parlor, he was probably unique in Britain.

Another quarter of an hour saw him seated at a heavy oak table of antique fashion, before a liberal dish of the viands he had selected, and a tankard of foaming home-brewed ale. The landlord, at his guest's request, provided himself with a tankard also, and held him company. The landlord was, in his way, an eminently respectable man, but somewhat thick-witted, and to him his guest seemed to be a gentleman of uncommonly pleasing manner and unequalled conversational resource. If, as a conversationalist, he had a fault, it lay in a tendency to monopolize the talking. He talked a good deal, and his apparently inconsequent questions and observations drew from Mr. Orgle more information about the other traveller upstairs than the landlord altogether knew that he was giving.

The substance of what the landlord had to tell was this: The traveller upstairs was Mr. Gabriel Kenyon, a distant cousin of Mr. Kenyon of the Lodge. Mr. Kenyon of the Lodge was an extremely popular gentleman—a gentleman universally respected, a gentleman whose hand was in the habit of going to his pocket for the relief of all and sundry who asked assistance from him—a comfortable, cheery gentleman.

Mr. Gabriel had hardly been known in that neighborhood since his boyhood. He was known pretty well until he was some eighteen years of age, and then went "somewheres abroad," the landlord vaguely said, to study. Mr. Gabriel was not a cheery gentleman; he was not a free-handed gentleman; he had a sort of a sullen and a haughty way with him. It was likely enough, the landlord thought, that Mr. Gabriel might be warmly received at the Lodge when Mr. Kenyon should come home again. Mr. Kenyon was away in Paris for a time. The landlord happened to know the cause of Mr. Kenyon's absence, for one or two of the Lodge servants were in the habit of calling occasionally at the "King and Constitution," and exchanging a friendly chat with their old fellow-servant. Mr. Kenyon, then, it seemed, like the warm-hearted, amiable personage he was, had made an express journey to Paris for the purpose of meeting an old school-fellow and fellow-student who had been coffee-planting in Brazil, and was now going to plant coffee in Ceylon.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1535.

He broke his journey for a day or two in Paris, and Mr. Kenyon had gone over to see him. People wondered a little to find that he had not returned; but, in Mr. Orgle's opinion, it was just as likely as not—seeing what a truly amiable gentleman he was—that he might have gone half-way on his journey with his old school-fellow.

Whilst Mr. Sullivan and the landlord chatted, a bell was briskly rung in the upstairs room; and Mr. Gabriel, who had written a note, despatched it by messenger to the Lodge. The landlord, being prompted to the discovery by Mr. Sullivan, without in the least suspecting the process to which he was being subjected, artlessly confessed as much as this, and thought no harm of it.

Half an hour later, when Mr. Sullivan had finished his meal, and had bestowed himself, with the remainder of his home-brewed ale and a digestive pipe, in the ample window-seat, he saw, as he sat smoking with a lazy relish, an elderly man move across the fields toward the inn.

"Faithful servant of the house of Kenyon," said Mr. Sullivan to himself. "Sent as envoy to the unpopular cousin newly returned from foreign travel. 'Confidential butler' written large all over him. Ought to wear shorts and gaiters and hair-powder."

He heard an elderly voice, evidently belonging to the elderly man, inquiring for Mr. Gabriel; and shortly afterward steps mounted to the upper room.

"Partridge!" said Gabriel Kenyon, rising from his seat at table.

"Mr. Gabriel," said the elderly man.

Mr. Gabriel resumed his seat, and motioned his visitor to be seated also—an invitation which was silently refused.

"Have you any message from my cousin?"

"No, Mr. Gabriel. Mr. Robert is away, sir, on the Continent."

There was noticeable in the butler's tone and manner something very like that air of half-sullen but respectful misliking which had characterized the landlord on Mr. Gabriel's arrival.

"On the Continent!" echoed Mr. Gabriel, in a voice of surprise and disappointment. "Has he been long away?"

"He was expected back three or four days ago, sir," said the butler. "He left for Paris on Monday of last week, and didn't speak of being away for more than four days at the outside. We have not heard from him since Wednesday, when he expected to be back next day, and we're growing very anxious."

Nothing could well have been more complete than the old servant's air of respect for his employer's cousin; but, for all that, nothing could well have been more expressive of a desire to shorten the interview than the dry, reticent voice in which he answered Mr. Gabriel's questions.

"That will do, Partridge," said Mr. Gabriel. "You'll let him have my letter immediately upon his arrival, and, in the mean time, I'll stay here."

"Very well, Mr. Gabriel," said the butler, moving to the door.

"You spoke of being anxious," said Mr. Gabriel.

The butler arrested his steps half-way, and stood with respectfully bent head, and eyes fixed upon the carpet.

"You don't suppose that there's any real ground for alarm about him, do you?"

"Why, sir," returned Partridge, "Mr. Kenyon has always been so regular in his ways, and so punctual to all his appointments, that we can't understand it."

"I hope," said Mr. Gabriel, coughing behind his hand, and casting one swift and furtive glance at the old servant—"I hope that Mrs. Kenyon does not share your alarms."

The butler turned at this, and stared at him with so stricken and amazed a countenance that when Gabriel, who was surprised at his silence, turned, after a moment or two, to look at him, his own face caught the expression of the other's as instantaneously and as truly as though it had been reflected in a mirror.

"You don't mean to say, sir," said the butler, "that you don't know?"

"That I don't know?" asked Mr. Gabriel, the muscles of his clean-shaven lips twitching curiously, and his eyes staring—"that I don't know what?"

"Mrs. Kenyon, sir—" began the butler, in a hoarse voice, which broke suddenly. Mr. Gabriel stood up, and then took a seat in an arm-chair, threw one leg over the other, rested an elbow on the arm of the chair, and one clean-shaven cheek upon the tips of his white fingers, and was silent for perhaps half a minute. His face was ghastly.

"What were you saying of Mrs. Kenyon, Partridge?" he asked, in a voice which was intended to sound commonplace.

"Mrs. Kenyon, sir," said Partridge, clearing his throat with a harsh dry cough, "died four years ago."

Mr. Gabriel, rising from his seat, lifted both hands slowly above his head, and moved them with a horrible writhing motion in the air. He looked at the butler, and the butler looked back at him, and this time the old man's face seemed to catch and to reflect the growing horror on his companion's. Gabriel Kenyon's lips moved once or twice, and all the while the awful writhing motion of the lifted hands continued, until suddenly he fell full length with a crash upon the floor; and the old servant, running to the bell-rope, pulled it down, and set the bell below-stairs ringing madly. The landlord, the landlady, the boots, and the chamber-maid ran wildly upstairs in answer to this extraordinary summons; and Mr. Sullivan, who had heard, not only the wild peal of the bell, but the crash which had preceded it, ran up behind them.

The door of the room was open, and he saw his fellow-traveller by the coach extended upon the floor. He was lying flat upon his face, with his arms thrown out before him; and the old butler, with helplessness confessed in every line of him, was kneeling between the fireplace and the outstretched body, and was torturing and twisting the bell-rope with both hands. The landlady and the chamber-maid flew at the prostrate man, turned him over upon his back, and began to open his waistcoat and his collar. Mr. Sullivan entered the room, and tapped boots upon the shoulder.

"You seem to be an actively built young man, boots," said Mr. Sullivan, who was quite undisturbed in the midst of the prevailing fear and confusion. "You shall see how fast you can run. Go and fetch a doctor."

Boots, glad to do anything, ran for the doctor at once. Mr. Sullivan, advancing, knelt down by the unconscious Mr. Gabriel, and felt his pulse, with a professional air. Everybody at once began to pour questions upon him; but he waved a hand to demand silence; and by-and-by demanded brandy. The landlord hurried away, and returned, a moment later, with a bottle and a wine-glass. Sullivan applied the spirit to Mr. Gabriel's lips and temples, and, whilst thus engaged, looked up at the butler and asked what had happened.

"I gave him news," said the butler, who was much shaken, "of Mrs. Kenyon's death." He spoke in answer to Sullivan's question; but he addressed the landlord.

"His cousin's wife?" said Mr. Sullivan, calmly.

"His cousin's wife," said the butler. "I never saw a man fall in such a way in all my life. It wasn't as if he fell. He stood there when I told him she was dead for a minute or two like this." The old man raised both trembling hands in the air, and writhed them there, in imitation of the horrible gesture he had seen. "He looked at me all the while," he went on; "and all of a sudden he fell full length. You'd have thought, from the way he did it, that he wanted to dive into his grave at once."

"What do you think of him, sir?" inquired the butler of Sullivan. "Are you a doctor?"

"I have pursued," said Mr. Sullivan, "a course of pathological and chirurgical studies, though I have never been qualified. So far as I am prepared to speak at present, this is no more than syncope. Syncope," he repeated, twice or thrice, as if in demure enjoyment of the situation and the word. "You observe that there is a slight effusion of blood. That is due, as I perceive, to a mere laceration of the cuticle—a dental laceration. I am not prepared to assert at present that there is no internal hemorrhage, but I think not—I think not. A teaspoon, Mr. Orgle, if you please."

The landlady ran down-stairs for a teaspoon, and returned with it. Mr. Sullivan poured neat brandy—a very little at a time—between the patient's lips. He was the only person present who was collected and self-contained in his manner; and, even more than this, the learned-sounding character of his speech served to reassure the shaken quartet of observers.

"In love with his cousin's wife, was he?" said Mr. Sullivan, moistening Mr. Gabriel's temples with brandy as he spoke, and looking upward with a professional air. "Did something shady for love of the lady? Ah, you'd better remove him," he added, finding that nobody responded to these conversational overtures. "No, no; not in a manner so rude and unscientific, Mr. Orgle, if you please. Let me have two towels." In a minute or two the two towels were forthcoming. "Now slip one of them beneath his shoulders. So. The two ends under the armpits. Another beneath the knees. So. Now one of you at each corner; and I support the unfortunate gentleman's head. Lift all together."

In this wise the unconscious Mr. Gabriel was borne into the nearest bedroom. Shortly afterward the village doctor drove up, with boots in the dog-cart beside him, and was at once ushered into the chamber. Mr. Sullivan had succeeded in clearing the room, and was there alone with the patient.

"We have exhibited," said Mr. Sullivan, in a professional whisper, "a little alcohol, externally and internally. The cause of the attack appears to be attributable to shock—to mental shock. The symptoms are probably aggravated by physical shock. But your professional experience will doubtless be of greater service than the diagnosis of an amateur."

With this, Mr. Sullivan rubbed his hands, wagged his head, and smiled, whilst the doctor looked at him with an air almost of stupefaction. He examined the patient's condition for himself, administered a little more brandy, ordered and applied a cold-water compress, and then, motioning the guileless Mr. Sullivan to silence, sat down patiently by the bedside. When half an hour had passed in watchful silence, the beams of the wintry sun struck into the chamber; and the doctor, passing round the bed, and crossing the room on tiptoe, drew down the blind. At the first creak of his boots the patient made a movement on the bed, and Mr. Sullivan remarked it. Noiselessly as the doctor tried to move, the blind made a rusty whistling as it turned; and at this the patient moved again, and moaned. The doctor, warning Sullivan with an upraised forefinger, stood still, and looked and listened.

"Wasted!" said the patient, in a murmur, which, in the stillness of the room, was perfectly distinct. "Throw. away! Such a crime for nothing!"

"Hush!" said the doctor, advancing to the bed, and laying his hand upon the bandage which was passed about Mr. Gabriel's forehead. The patient opened his eyes, met the doctor's glance, and shivered slightly. He was quiet after this, and whether he was conscious or no, neither of his watchers could tell.

At long intervals a faint and scarcely audible moan escaped him, and in the course of an hour, when candles had been brought, and Mr. Sullivan had grown weary of watching the wicks grow longer and longer, he rose, and passing on tiptoe from the room, descended the stairs, assumed his hat and overcoat, lit his pipe, and strolled into the village street.

"Peltzer," he said to himself as he walked, "is very much of a blackguard, but he isn't an ass, and he didn't put me upon this job for nothing. I shall find out the shortest space of time in which Mr. Gabriel can be on his legs again, and I shall go up to town in the mean time. Highly respectable old county family. Lots of tin. Seems to be worth while following."

Mr. Sullivan called at a tobacconist's in the course of his walk, and chose to be communicative. He was staying at that charming old-fashioned little hostelry the "King and Constitution." Mr. Gabriel Kenyon, whose casual acquaintance he had made upon the journey, was coming down upon a visit to his cousin. Mr. Gabriel Kenyon, it appeared, had been living abroad for some years, and had had no news of the family. Learning suddenly that his cousin's wife was dead, he had fainted at the shock, and now lay unconscious at the inn. Mr. Sullivan related everything, and even a little more than everything, he knew, and the tobacconist was devoutly interested in the narrative. But when the narrator learned that the tobacconist was but a new arrival in the village, and had been established there for no more than a year or two, he became aware that he had wasted ten minutes of his time, and immediately paying for his purchase, took a polite farewell.

V.

All this time there was no news of Robert Kenyon. He had been advertised in the French and English papers by the family solicitor. Inquiries had been set on foot at Scotland Yard, but were so poorly prosecuted that nothing came of them; and when, after ten weeks, Mr. Gabriel's reluctant soul and body were dragged back from that darkness of the tomb which both of them seemed most passionately to crave for, Mr. Gabriel found himself formally appealed to by the family lawyer aforesaid. He was asked to give his advice, as the temporary head of the house. Should his cousin Robert have finally disappeared, which seemed only too probable—for in a man of his known regularity of habit and quietude of life so lengthy an absence and silence were only to be accounted for on the supposition of his decease—he, Mr. Gabriel, was heir to everything his cousin had owned, or nearly everything. The personalty was extremely small, and the landed estates, which were entailed, and would fall to the heir at law, were very considerable. In the event of Cousin Robert's death, Mr. Gabriel was an extremely wealthy man. Hearing these things, Gabriel, who as yet was extremely feeble after his fever, set his thin fingers to his face and wept.

The lawyer, not knowing why a man should weep at such tidings, unless he were endowed with an extremely sensitive nature, formed a high opinion of Mr. Gabriel's heart.

"Mr. Gabriel Kenyon," he was wont to say in later years, "was a gentleman of the profoundest feeling—a man of the tenderest susceptibility;" and in course of time he found people who believed him. Almost the first act of the new heir-presumptive to the Kenyon lands—scarcely as yet the heir-presumptive, but merely temporary heir-presumptive in everybody's mind but his own—was to indite, with the lawyer's assistance, an advertisement for the *Times* newspaper: "To Robert Kenyon, Esquire.—Your prolonged absence is a source of the gravest anxiety and disquiet to your friends. Pray communicate with them without delay." There were other words in the advertisement, but it was only the last sentence here cited which really dwelt in Gabriel Kenyon's memory. He had a quaking, horror-stricken fear of that simple sentence; and as he lay slowly recovering from the effects of his fever, in the night those words would seem to shine upon the darkness in letters of fire. "Pray communicate with them without delay."

Through all this he pitied himself profoundly. If he had been criminal—and he confessed as much to himself with groanings—he had been criminal for a purpose. It had always been his settled, rooted belief that his cousin's wife had loved him better than she had loved his cousin. He had been quite certain that in a little while—say a year or two—she would have reconciled herself to the loss of one Kenyon, and have consoled herself with the other. He had promised himself, as he walked the snow-covered streets of Paris in the rags of Auguste Moreau, that he would so cherish her that she should not choose but love him and be happy. Such a reflection, at such a time, proves the man abnormal to the verge of the grotesque; but he was not the first, and will not be the last, in whom even love has developed the characteristics of monomania. The terrible nature of the shock he had received from the words of the old butler did much to convince him, as he grew stronger, and found time and power to turn the matter over in his mind, that his sole hope and aim in the commission of his crime had been to secure the hand of his cousin's wife. It became quite clear to him that he had never meditated an attack upon Cousin Robert's property. That had not entered—and as the days went on this truth became more and more evident to him—at all into his calculations. He saw a vengeance of Providence, an ante-dated punishment, in the death of the woman for whose sake he had consented to become a murderer. The crime was avenged already; and since he had had no hope in its committal of benefiting himself in a coarse material sense, he felt the freer to do it now. He could take Cousin Robert's rental with something approaching purity of conscience.

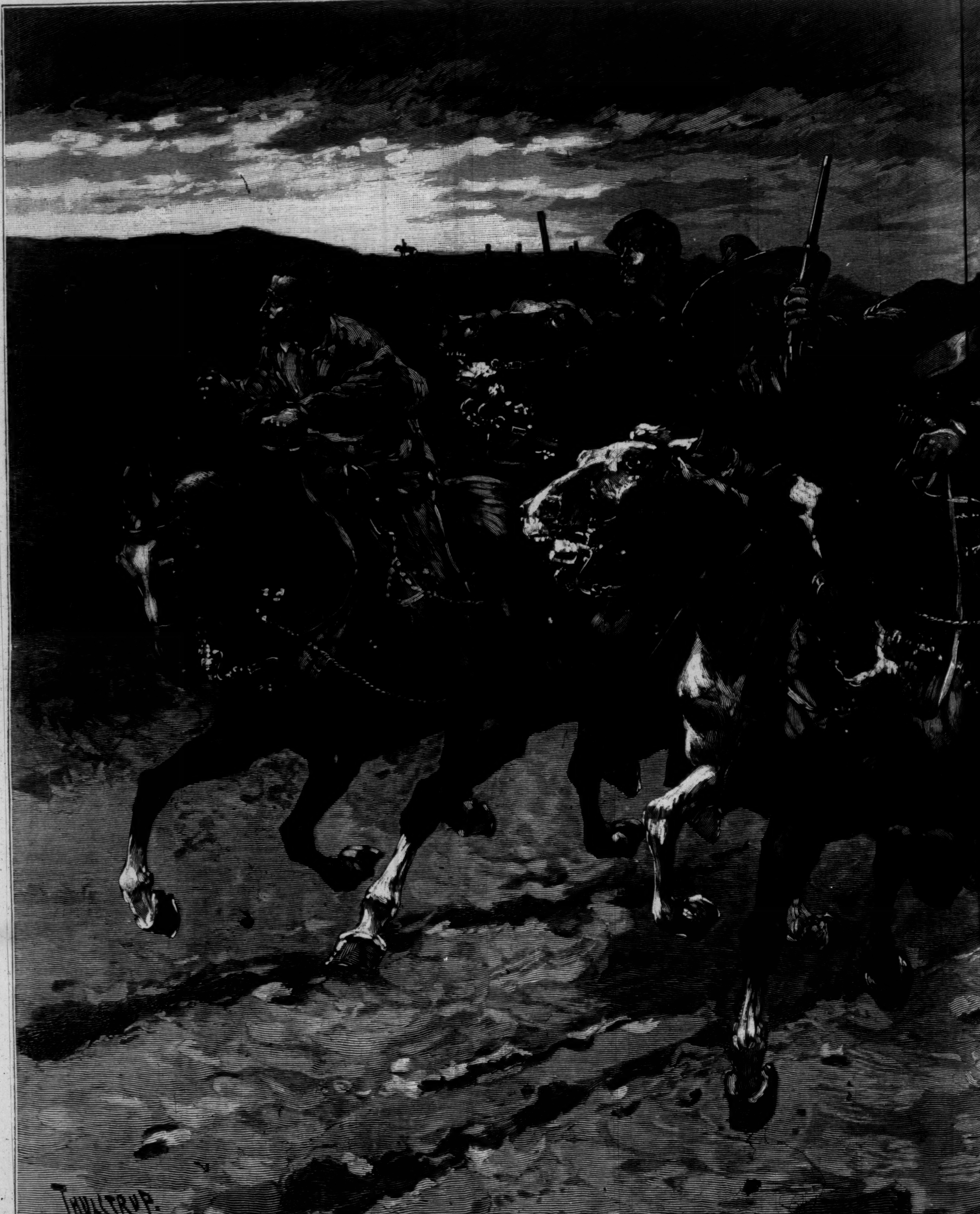
Gabriel hated children, and therefore heard with all the satisfaction of a self-punishing martyr that a child was chargeable to the estate, and dependent upon him for guardianship. Whatever disagreeable event might happen in connection with this property, provided that it should not be too forcibly unpleasant, bade fair to be a godsend to Gabriel Kenyon's conscience. He was resolved already in all things to make atonement. He would accept whatever evil chances befell him humbly, as the natural outcome of his crime. There were moments when he was surprised to discover within himself a sentiment almost of saintly resignation—a something of a pious bending to the will of Heaven—which soothed like balm of Gilead.

It was in this frame of mind—which would be much more amazing to contemplate if it were more uncommon than it is—that when he grew a little stronger, he proposed to himself, and later to the lawyer, to go to Paris, and there to make personal inquiries after his missing cousin. For four months no news of Robert Kenyon had been heard. Mr. Gabriel had been well enough provided with funds to defray the expenses of his residence at the "King and Constitution," and to pay both the village doctor and his more learned confrère of the county town. He had still enough money to make the necessary journey to Paris without drawing upon the solicitor. People's opinion with regard to him had undergone a considerable change. That susceptibility of heart which had enabled him so long and so tenderly to cherish a hopeless passion that, after more than half a score of years, he had sickened into a terrible fever at the mere news of the loved one's death; that still tenderer susceptibility which so often drew tears from his eyes at the mention of his missing cousin, began to endear him to all hearts. It was known that his father had cut him off with a shilling in consequence of some real or supposed infamy of his youth. It was known also, in Perry Haughton as elsewhere, that fathers do sometimes disinherit their children on slight provocation; and, apart from this, it may be assumed, perhaps, that the heir-presumptive to the Kenyon lands was likely to be a less dreadful personage in the popular estimation than the disgraced exile from home—who might have enlisted, or have forged a check, or run away to sea, or gone to the dogs by any one of countless roads. Whatever Gabriel Kenyon might have been in the past—and when people came to talk about it, with these late new lights upon his character, nobody remembered anything altogether dreadful—he was likely now to be altogether respectable. His brother had been justice of the peace, had been sheriff; had fulfilled well and worthily all the functions, public and private, of a country gentleman of the highest standing. It was not unnatural that Mr. Gabriel, as heir-presumptive to the Kenyon estates, should be also heir-presumptive to some of his late cousin's dignities, and he was already half invested with them in the public mind of Perry Haughton.

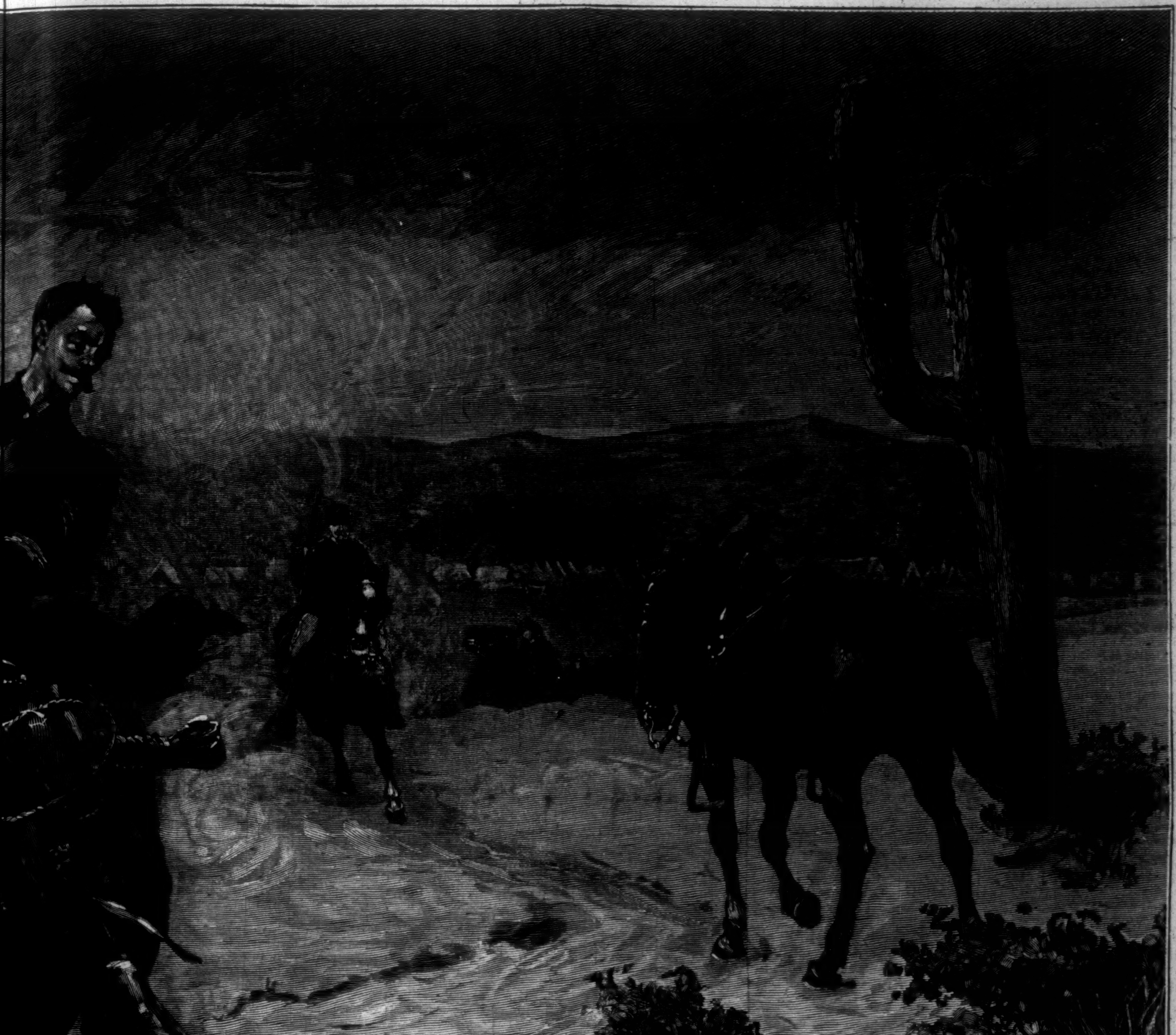
It was in the first week of May, when the birds were singing and the spring green waving and the spring sun shining gayly, that Gabriel Kenyon set out on his journey to Paris. He paused in London and visited Scotland Yard, bearing with him a letter of introduction from the family lawyer to an inspector of the detective force who happened to be personally known to him. The inspector was prayed to do what he could to make Mr. Gabriel Kenyon's path of inquiry smooth in Paris; and, in his turn, he gave to the grieving searcher after his lost cousin a letter to a friend in the detective force of the French capital. Gabriel was armed with all the photographs of Robert Kenyon he could find, and he went with less misgiving than might well be fancied into the lair of the lion. He saw the Prefect of Police himself, and it was that high functionary who first recognized Robert Kenyon from the photographs Mr. Gabriel displayed to him. Other officials of less importance admitted their identity later on. The matter grew to be beyond a doubt. Robert Kenyon had been found dead in a certain blackguard house in a blackguard quartier of Paris, nobody quite knew how long after his decease, but, as medical men supposed, some ten days later. The body had been exhibited at the Morgue, and had not been identified. The post-mortem examination had revealed nothing which to the mind of the surgeon sufficiently accounted for death: a contusion on the forehead, another contusion on the occiput, the slightest effusion of blood—signs of violence which were actually trivial. The dead unknown had been buried in the customary way at the public cost.

Nobody in Paris identified or dreamed of identifying Mr. Gabriel Kenyon with Auguste Moreau. The late Robert Kenyon's remains were carried to England, and were buried in the church-yard at home. Mr. Gabriel erected above them a magnificent monument of white marble, and settled down in apparent tranquillity at the Lodge. To his own mind, for a long time, he was like a splash of scarlet in a snow-covered country, and could scarcely understand how it was that people did not know him for a criminal. But as time went on he grew accustomed to himself and his surroundings. That Parisian melodrama began to dwell almost as little in his recollection as if he had seen it acted on the stage. He became unaffectedly pious after his fashion, did many deeds of benevolence, somewhat against his will, but as an apology to conscience; and, though never very warmly liked, except by one or two, became universally respected. Either to his own mind the surrounding human landscape lost the snowy whiteness of its innocence, or the vivid scarlet of his own soul faded gradually into neutral tone. Perhaps, as he got to know his neighbors well, and grew reconciled to himself and to the past, both these operations went on simultaneously. In a dozen years he had not only forgiven his crime, but had practically forgotten it, and was ready to make the widest allowance for a man who had suffered and been tempted. And whether this condition of mind stamps him as a scoundrel of the more hopeless sort or not is a problem into which we need not pause at present to inquire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"SHOT ON PICKET."—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from


W. ZIMMERMANN SC.

A Sketch by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 346.]

"SHOT ON PICKET."

When the United States became a nation it found among what may be called its assets the Indian war begun by the first settlers on the Atlantic coast. One of the distinctive features of that warfare belongs to the very nature of an Indian, and continues without much variation to the present day. The first detachment of the "regular army," sent out under General Harmer, was nearly ruined by surprises. In the following year President Washington, himself from boyhood an experienced Indian fighter, sent out another force, with special instructions. His last words on parting with General St. Clair, whom he selected as commander, were: "You know how the Indians fight. I repeat it, beware of a surprise!"

St. Clair was defeated and lost half of his army by neglect of that caution. Six hundred and forty-seven men and thirty women killed, and two hundred and seventy-one wounded, in the gray of a November morning, sealed Washington's advice as the permanent army maxim for all operations in the Indian country.

The war-whoop was heard then and the attack began at about thirty minutes before sunrise, and that is still the hour for especial vigilance. The red man borrows his tactics from the cougar. He can lie in ambush by a path which is likely to be followed by his intended victim, as Braddock's brilliant column was waited for, or he can creep up in the dark, as he did upon St. Clair's regulars and militia. Good positions from which to shoot in comparative safety can be crawled into silently by night, but the rifle cannot be used with accuracy until there is some light upon the deadly barrel and upon the human target.

Cavalry operating nowadays in the Southwest are rarely taken unawares, but the precautions so carefully observed involve peculiar individual perils. On going into camp, the officer in command selects almost unerringly, with an instinct born of experience, not only the best spot to put the tents on, but the points at which his "pickets" must be stationed. These are afterward regularly visited, and as regularly relieved, through day and night. Always in the camp a squad of men waits, lounging by saddled horses, ready to mount in haste and ride at speed in any direction from which a sound of alarm may come.

Mounted, if such be his orders, or on foot, and partly guarded by the body of his horse, the picket watches the shadows around him, and listens painfully for any break in the long silence. He is as well removed as possible from any cactus or mesquit growths which might afford cover for the approach of an enemy, but some of these, or sage-bushes, or ant-hills, may be near enough to answer Indian purposes. So long as it is dark there is less thought of danger, even if Indians are known to be in the vicinity. No red man will take a needless risk or throw away an opportunity.

The eyes of the most hardened veteran search the gloom more rapidly and nervously as it diminishes with the coming of the sun. It is nearly time for the morning "relief" to come, also, but sometimes another change arrives first. The crack of a rifle is heard in camp, and a squad of four, with, it may be, a scout or so, dashes out to see by whom it was fired.

Not by the picket, for there was light enough for a deadly aim at short range from behind a cactus, and the yet quivering body of the slain soldier is hardly glanced at by his comrades galloping past. Their first duty is to search for the prowling murderer, and to ascertain if he was alone, or one of many. While that is doing, the bugle notes from the camp announce that more men are mounting. There will at least be no surprise. To prevent one has cost the life of a man.

A cavalry horse that has lost his master under such circumstances will often set off at once for the camp after a frightened, snorting stare at the face of the corpse. Even if a shot at a picket fails, from mist or bad marksmanship, and only a scratch or a narrow escape results, the man whose turn it shall be to serve as picket on that spot the following night has before him a terrible trial of nerve and courage just as he sees the sky begin to grow yellow in the east. The Indian's hour has come, and he may be there somewhere, behind something, and he may be taking aim.

THE SOCIETY OF ST. TAMMANY.

The origin of the Tammany Society seems to have been a harmless dream of our ancestors. It was founded in 1789 by William Mooney, it is said, an active upholsterer and mechanic, whose advertisement of chairs, furniture, and bedding is conspicuous in the newspapers of the time. He was the first Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall. The aim of the society was excellent. It was to be a native American society, the Columbian Order. No one who was not native born could hold any of its higher offices. All its instincts and impulses were to be of the New World. Its presiding spirit was supposed to be St. Tammany, an Indian chief, who, the legend said, had ruled over the Lenni-Lenapes of the Delaware—a model of virtue and heroic strength. Another legend made him Tammend, the friend of William Penn, and the first conception of the bucktails and other usages of the new club may be traced to Philadelphia. St. Tammany was no European demigod, martyr, or hero. He was altogether American. To keep up this fanciful conception, all the names and usages of the club were borrowed from the people or the history of the New World. It was divided into thirteen tribes, each representing a State, and known by its peculiar emblem. New York was the eagle, New Hampshire the otter, Connecticut the bear. The chief officer of the club was called the Grand Sachem. A council of thirteen sachems assisted him. A fanciful system of dates was adopted. There were four seasons—of the snows, the blossoms, of fruits, and of hunting. The era of St. Tammany began with the landing of Columbus, or the opening of the Revolution, and anticipated the new era of the French Jacobins by three years. Its proclamations were dated, "Manhattan, season of snows; the tenth moon, year of discovery 393, of independence 109," etc. The treasurer was called Sagamore, the door-keeper a Wiskinskie. All its customs were borrowed from the savages. It had its council fire, smoked its pipe of peace, and gathered its rare collection of Indian curiosities and relics. Its members wore the Indian dress on state occasions, brandished their tomahawks, wore hunting shirts, moccasins, feather head-dress, and walked each 12th of May in procession from their wigwam in Broadway to the Brick Church on Wall Street, and then to the distant banks of the Hudson at Christopher Street, where they held their council fire and feast.

Many of the best citizens of the time joined this fanciful association and put on its motley garb. It was a time when monarchical and European ideas were supposed to be prevalent. It was feared that a considerable party was eager to bring back the rule of European caste and royalty. We in this calmer age can have no conception of the intense hatred for European symbols and usages that drove men in 1789 to assume the American and savage emblems of Tammany. But the new club was at once intensely American and republican. It was non-partisan; it was liberal to all shades of thought. Many Federalists joined it. The Tammany officials interchanged civilities with the Society of Cincinnatus, then the terror of Jefferson and Mirabeau. Yet Tammany was composed chiefly of intelligent mechanics, tradesmen, lawyers, and merchants, who had little sympathy with feats of arms. Governor George Clinton was among its first members. Philip Hone, Schuyler Hoffman, and many others joined it. A wigwam was built next the corner of Nassau and Frankfort streets. The association grew. "I am old enough," said Verplanck in 1867, "to remember the original Tammany wigwam—the pig-pen, as it was contemptuously called by its political adversaries. It was a humble wooden building." Later it was transformed into a finer one, and at last, in 1867, arose ominously on its present site.

It would be well, if we had leisure, to dwell upon the halcyon days of the "Columbian Order." The newspapers of the day describe its processions and banquets. On the 12th of May, 1790, there was an unusual attendance. Jefferson, Jay, Clinton, Knox, and many others gathered in the new Brick Church in Wall Street to hear the address of Sachem William Pitt Smith. Then the procession moved, in its Indian robes, up Broadway to the shores of the Hudson. "The dresses," we are told, were "very splendid and brilliant." Each tribe carried its armorial bearing of wolf, bear, or eagle. The Wiskinskie went first, carrying the cap of liberty; the treasurer came next, bearing a string of wampum; the Scribe, or secretary, bore the calumet of peace. The Sagamore and the Grand Sachem were the last. A poet wrote an ode, which is found in the Poet's Corner of the *New York Journal.* He sang:

> "Hence, thou demon discord, hence!
> Nor here again presume to stay,
> For virtue, amity, and sense
> Unite to crown the first of May."

Patriotic toasts were given. The first was, "George Washington, the illustrious chief"; and then "Louis XVI., our great and good ally." France was just breaking into revolution; the Bastile had fallen; the head of the King within three years would drop on the guillotine. An Indian dance was given by some Cayuga Indians. One appropriate toast was, "Let the virtuous conduct of the Sons of St. Tammany and the Columbian Order demonstrate to the world the utility of the institution." A vain aspiration!

From 1800 to 1820 the Tammany Society was sincerely patriotic. It defended Jefferson; it rallied its members in 1812 to the common defense. From 1820 to 1840 it led the new Democracy. Many estimable men belonged to it. Verplanck, in his address in 1867, celebrates the active mechanics, the incorruptible working-men, the men of science and men of thought, who once filled the wigwam. Samuel L. Mitchell, the famous physician, wrote his treatise on the legend of Tammany. Pintard, Livingston, Tompkins, Bloodgood, Crolius, Colonel Rutgers, Buckmaster, the boat-builder John T. Irving, William Irving, Paulding, Stephen Allen, and Gideon Lee form but a few of the long line of its useful and honorable members. It was a protectionist club, defending American workmen, and a Union club, the firm support of Jackson, and the chief enemy of secession.

But already in 1840 the moral decline of the society had begun. Its power was enormous. It had become a club of office-seekers, clamorous, insolent, and never satisfied. A foreign element had crept in; it was no longer an American club. It was so linked with the pro-slavery faction that all its sympathies were against free labor. It became intensely sectarian. At last the Native American party arose, founded upon the principles Tammany had once adopted and abandoned, and joined with it in a fierce contest. Tammany fell in 1844, when James Harper became Mayor. But it was Tammany's first and only defeat. It rose again, surrounded by all the elements of corruption, and once more subdued the city. It hung upon the community like the Old Man of the Sea. It plundered the community of a hundred millions of dollars. In twenty months it raised the city debt from twenty-nine to seventy millions. The foreign population and the Roman Catholic priesthood unwisely lent it their aid; it abandoned every principle its founders had cherished; it ceased to be American or republican; it became a dangerous despotism, resolute, unpatriotic, unsparing. Against its iron rule no one of its party could successfully rebel. It had become apparently the master of the nation's fate.

Its descent into crime was rapid. In 1861 it had already become the "Tweed Ring." It bought a Republican supervisor, and ruled the city treasury unchecked. For ten years it had possession of the wealth of the city of New York. It is a curious coincidence that the rebellion broke out almost at the moment when the chiefs of St. Tammany had won this bold vantage-ground. Within a year the chiefs of Tammany were loud in their denunciation, bold in their attacks, on the national government; in 1863 the great body of their supporters in New York rose in active riots and rebellion. They were suppressed by the national forces. But from 1863 the utter moral decay of the once patriotic society became more marked than ever. Its leaders employed the money of the city in a universal bribery. It purchased the press, the Roman Catholic Church, the foreign societies, and even American legislators. In 1867–8 its system of robbery was well known to the public. It was described by an able writer, Mr. Parton, in the *North American Review.* Even disappointed office-seekers in 1869 spoke openly of their masters as public robbers. Yet no hand was raised by the people or the Democratic leaders to destroy the monstrous association that was corrupting the heart of freedom. The elections in the city of New York were carried by open fraud. Honest men, hopeless, ceased to vote. The ballot-boxes were filled with false papers. In 1869–70 the conspirators, mad with crime, scoffed at the law. The Republicans at Albany generally resisted the plunderers who held the metropolis; but some yielded to their bribes, and the Legislature fell into their power. In 1870 Tammany Hall held the Legislature, the Governor, the courts, the press, the wealth and influence of the city of New York, in its loathsome bondage.

The last grand day of Tammany, the laying of the corner-stone of its new building in Fourteenth Street, was the apparent crowning of a triumphant career. Gulian C. Verplanck, the aged orator, was selected to review its history. In perfect blindness to the present, he lost himself in the memories of the past. Scholar, poet, honest and faithful, he little knew of the depths of crime into which the chief leaders around him had fallen. Already probably in that crowded assembly there were many who trembled with the consciousness of guilt, the fear of retribution. The notes of invitation omit the ancient forms. The Grand Sachem was John T. Hoffman. The names on the committee are nearly all of foreign sound. A large part of them were unhappily conspicuous four years later in the criminal courts. Many were fugitives from justice. It would be well for our younger politicians to study this ominous list if ever they are tempted to stray from the paths of honesty. The easy descent to ruin was never more perfectly disclosed. In June, 1867, these men held in their power the destinies of New York. They had plundered it almost at will. Their names were famous in its local politics. They were followed by troops of admirers and friends. But already the terrors of the future must have reached them. It could be seen in their agitated countenances, their furtive look, their uneasy demeanor, their hapless lives, plunged in mad license.

For in that strange period the vices flourished. The tales of costly revelry in the houses of the chief conspirators came ominously to the public ear. The criminal laws were feebly enforced. Noted criminals were let loose from jail to carry elections; they were the favorite instruments of the leaders of Tammany. Men's lives were not safe who dared to speak the truth; they were assailed with open or private threats. Bribes and corruption were so common as to awaken in the thoughtless only a smile. The leaders of Tammany were lost to all sense of shame. Their orgies, as in the days of Catiline or Robespierre, filled men with disgust. Yet they were our masters, and it was proposed to erect a statue of Tweed, the chief conspirator.

For four years longer their rule was continued. They seemed to hold the Democratic party and all its better elements in perfect submission. But at last the fatal tyranny became too repulsive to be borne. The New York *Times* began its bold and resolute assault upon the chiefs of the conspiracy. Almost alone it defied them. But other journals presently lent their aid. The contest assumed a tragic and dramatic interest. The death of Watson, the death of Fisk, the burning of the records in the City Hall, the terror of the conspirators, their efforts to crush the New York *Times* and all freedom of the press, their dangerous ascendency in the Legislature, their plain appeals to violence and bloodshed, made the year 1871–2 memorable in history. Tammany, fierce and terrible, would have stung to death the city over which it ruled. No one has ever penetrated the secrets of that desperate society. The time has not yet come to reveal them. But soon retribution began to fall upon some of the most guilty of its members. The Committee of Seventy was formed; the people rose in revolt. Astute lawyers were employed to prosecute the chiefs of Tammany, and its power fell.

The arrest of Tweed, the Grand Sachem, October 28, 1871, was the first decisive blow. "A piteous morning indeed was that of yesterday," wrote a reporter. "The rain fell in that miserable chilly drizzle known as a Scotch mist." The elements were dark; the city was full of excitement. It was known that Tweed had been arrested in the midst of his chosen associates, and that the Society of St. Tammany had become the shelter of a band of thieves. One by one they fled. Many made their escape. A few suffered imprisonment. But Tweed, hunted over the world like some noxious animal, was seized, brought back, and died a prisoner, in misery and shame. Never was there a more instructive story. The chiefs of Tammany, mad with power, abandoned themselves to every evil passion. They had become the masters of the community only to be destroyed by their own hands. The Society of St. Tammany seemed to fall with them. So odious had the name of Tammany become that three-fourths of the citizens of New York would have rejoiced could its power and memory be blotted out forever. But some secret influence preserved the dangerous society.

It would have been fortunate for the city had the Tammany Society been disbanded in 1871. It would be well for the more reputable of its members could they even now unite in dissolving it. It has long ceased to be anything more than a band of office-seekers and a feeble survival of the Ring. Once a Native American society, it has long lost all sympathy with the liberal opinions of the New World. It would have converted the whole great West into a slave plantation, and closed it to the immigrant. It would have destroyed the free government it was created to support. It assailed free schools, and became intensely sectarian. It has covered itself with the odium of public robbery. Its history proves its existence a public danger.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE SOUTHWEST BORDER.

In spite of the recent surrender of a part of the hostile Chiricahuas, who have been taken to Florida for imprisonment, the Arizona and New Mexican frontiers are still the scenes of Indian depredations. The task imposed on the troops was for a time lessened by this reduction in the numbers of the hostiles; but there is now some reason to fear that this advantage may have been more than counterbalanced by the alliance of some of the Mescalero Apaches with Geronimo. The watch fires in the mountains of Mexico, near the boundary, are interpreted by the anxious settlers as signals for the return of Geronimo's runners, sent into the Mescalero reservation to induce the warriors to join him.

In this number of the Weekly are presented portraits of leading Mescaleros. San Juan, the famous Mescalero chief, died of pneumonia on the 30th of April. His last hard fight with our forces was in 1882. Since then he has kept his promise to live at peace, and has held an influence over his tribe, who greatly respected him, which may now be missed by the whites. His encounters with General Hatch and his "buffaloes," as the colored soldiers are called, in San Andreas Mountains, and his fight at Round Mountain, are well remembered. Instances are related of his protecting the lives of white men after he had determined on peace.

Gorgonio, medicine-man of the Mescaleros, is, according to a correspondent of the Weekly, "the only Christian convert, and had San Juan died before this change of religion, it might have cost Gorgonio his life. But now, with the Bible in one hand and his outlandish system of treatment in the other, he puts his Christianity to use in a sort of faith cure, saying, 'Now, if God wants you to live, you will get well; but should he want you in the happy hunting grounds, you must die.' Thus he shifts his responsibility, and guards against paying with his own life the loss of too many patients."

Nantzili is first war chief of the same tribe, and no less brave than San Juan. It is told of him that one day an officer, passing through his camp with an interpreter, remarked that it would be an easy job to clear it out if necessary. Nantzili quickly inquired of the interpreter what was said, and upon learning, smiled, and told the interpreter to say nothing. Then calling one of his men, he gave directions, and his messenger started off. In fifteen minutes a band of forty Indians in full war-paint suddenly confronted the startled officer and his small command, whose lives they had at their mercy. The story is at least good enough to be true.

San Juan's son will probably succeed his father as head chief, but should there be trouble as to the choice, the reservation agent may interfere. According to some scouts in El Paso, the Mescaleros of the reservation were dissatisfied last winter, and are now restless, so that Geronimo will almost certainly try to improve the occasion to draw Nantzili's warriors to the war-path. Should there be rivalry as to the succession to the chieftaincy, the danger might be great. In Deming also the watch fires are considered to be Geronimo's signals to the Mescaleros to join him.

On the other hand, the signs of unusual stir on the Mescalero reservation may be due to the death of the head chief, the final ceremonies, and subsequent complications. Again, one of the first orders issued by General Miles, in succeeding General Crook, divided Arizona into districts for thorough patrolment, and prescribed that "a signal detachment will be kept on the tops of the highest peaks, to communicate the movements of the hostiles, and between the camps." Thus there is some reason to believe that the watch fires ascribed to the hostiles belonged to our own troops. Finally, the hostiles seem to be too fully occupied in active operations just now to think of much else. They were lately repulsed near Santa Cruz, on the Sonora side, while in the Pinyoe Mountains. Early in May, Captain Lebo, Tenth Cavalry, attacked but could not dislodge them. About the middle of May Captain Hatfield was attacked in a cañon of the Cononla Mountains, and lost five men in killed and wounded, besides many horses and mules. The troops are well up with the hostiles, and are likely to keep them occupied, especially as the Mexicans are coöperating.

Should it prove true, however, that Geronimo has been reënforced by reservation Mescaleros, whose ravages in the past are known on both sides of the border, a hard summer's work may await the troops.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Long ago, long ago, in this valley of woe
  The white mists were silver, the sunshine was gold;
Long ago, long ago, every dew-drop aglow
  Was the purest of diamonds of value untold.

Long ago, long ago, every floweret low
  Looked out from the grass like a star from the sky;
Long ago, long ago, every streamlet aflow
  In a volume of glittering crystal went by.

Now the silvery mist is water, I wis,
  To which the grand power to climb upward is given;
The sunshine of gold is a wave of light rolled
  On the earth through the open portal of heaven.

The dew in the grass now shineth, alas!
  In my altered eyes like an angel's tear;
And the deep waters roll, the type of a soul,
  Right on to the sea of eternity near.

The flowers in the grass, they must die, and they pass
  From life unto life as to us it is given;
For the mist and the dew, stream, flower, and light too,
  Like souls are sent down but to climb back to heaven.

TO ARLINGTON.

To get to Arlington, one must go through Georgetown. This is a melancholy necessity, since Georgetown is not attractive, architecturally or otherwise, save on one street, which is as sedulously shunned by the drivers of the capital as if it were "no thoroughfare." With the exception of this ancient "Road Street," which runs along the brow of the height, and is dignified by some very stately and interesting old mansions, Georgetown is undistinctively shabby and odorously dirty. It is populous, shoppy, and given to cheap boarding-houses.

Going over the "Aqueduct" bridge to Virginia, whereupon is situated a flagrant abuse in the shape of a toll-man, we get a reconciling glimpse of Georgetown, crowned by the massive gray pile of the Jesuit College, and climbing down in a picturesque hurry to the edge of the broad Potomac. At a point a little above the bridge three small shrub-laden hummocks dot the surface of the stream, called, in lugubrious commemoration of a drowning accident, the "Three Sisters." Below it the river sweeps around the beautiful island of Analostan, on the seventy broad acres of which General John Mason and his heirs lived so royally for fifty years. And beyond, the bright river and the moving masts and Washington.

Virginia! Past innumerable fat old aunties counting onions on back door-steps; past numberless ragged plots in the last stages of negro agriculture. Then Fort Myer, the signal station, with its pacing sentry and lounging officers, and beautiful vine-grown rustic bridge, and then—Arlington.

There is a great silence, except for the birds. The turf is very green, and the shrubs are all in flower. There are waving boughs and trembling shadows and great patches of sunlight, and stretching away in infinite parallels the plain white head-stones of sixteen thousand soldiers' graves. Near and far, far and near, stretch the rank and file of the sleeping army. The air is full of a disembodied grief—a grief that sobs and sighs no longer, but sleeps in the sunlight, is distilled in the dew, and broods everywhere with the peace of a benediction.

They have painted the old house yellow lately—not a screaming yellow, but a soft, unobtrusive tint that is very consistent with its age. As everybody knows, it was built in 1803 by George Washington Parke Custis, in the flush of his majority and the joy of receiving his inheritance, the beautiful Arlington estate, left him by his father, John Parke Custis, Washington's step-son. He lived in bachelor magnificence behind the eight colossal pillars which form its portico, for a year or two, and then brought to rule it Miss Mary Lee Fitzhugh. But one of the four daughters born to this couple survived infancy, Mary Randolph Custis, who became the wife of General Lee. Very notable was the house-keeping and very happy the family life at Arlington under the joint dominion of Mrs. Lee and her mother. Negroes born in slavery on the old estate still tell of their extraordinary well-being "befo' the wah." A remarkable hunting scene in distemper forms a sort of a frieze above the doors at the end of the main hallway. The dogs are the leanest and longest, the flying rabbit is the most apoplectic, the dying agonies of the many-striped tiger the most harrowingly realistic, in the whole range of post-Raphaelite art. This is the proud handiwork of General Lee's father-in-law. The old gentleman was fond of the chase, and believed himself immensely clever at depicting it. He died in 1857, four years after his wife, and the estate descended to the Lees, in whose possession it remained until its confiscation in 1861. The property being entailed, the government legalized the seizure by levying taxes on it, and as these were not paid, buying it at a tax sale for $23,000.

The cemetery was established the year of the sale, 1864. Some years after, George Washington Custis Lee, the heir to the estate at Mrs. Lee's death, brought suit for its recovery, claiming the tax sale invalid, since a tender of the taxes might have been made but for the demand that it be made in person. The court decided in his favor, and a compromise was effected by which Mr. Lee resigned all claim upon Arlington for the sum of $150,000.

The ivy-grown servants' quarters to the rear of the house are almost as they were left. A number of the old dependents are still retained to keep the place in order. One tall mulatto bending over his trowel responds with quick intelligence to our queries.

"What I know 'bout dis yere place? Waal, dar's not much I don' know, I reckon. Bo'n an' raised on it. My mother she died two months back. She was ole Missy Custis's maid, an' my father was Mas'r Custis's body-servant." A quarter renders him our willing and loquacious cicerone.

"'Member ole Mas'r Custis? 'Deed I do, missy. An' a fine-appearin' ole gen'leman he was. Right tall an' stoutish, an' mighty fine-mannered, an' kind to his slaves when he was old, but dey do say he was 'clined to be rude to 'em in his young days. Been to see his grave?"

We follow him over the damp sward to a distant secluded southerly part of the grounds. Here, in the spot he loved and selected, under a spreading oak at least two centuries old, stands a monument to George Washington Parke Custis, and near it a similar one to Mary his wife. They are stained and defaced, these pathetic old memorials; there is not even a railing around the graves; the grass is rank and uncut; lilies-of-the-valley grow in unkempt luxuriance about the stones, keeping a faithful memory that even a sense of rebel kinship cannot crush.

The well-beloved and adopted son of George Washington, the noble-hearted and most patriotic Virginian, the builder of the mansion whose portals the people delight to enter, the father-in-law of the man whose name is sacred to one-half the nation and respected by the whole of it, lies in an unhonored corner of the domain that once was his, neglected, almost unknown.

LAMBS IN SPRING.

"Spring lamb" is a phrase that belongs to the butcher's redundant vocabulary, for all lambs are spring lambs, inasmuch as they are all born in the spring. Most of them, too, are born in May. This, then, is the most important month of the year in the sheepfold.

The urban, at least the traditional, conception of the shepherd, which makes him a person of much leisure, even if he no longer turn it to the study of astronomy, is an excellent conception of what the shepherd is not. In May he is simply a sheep nurse. The pasture where lambs are born, or where they play when very young, must be as level as possible, for in their infancy if they fall into the slightest unevenness of the ground, and happen to be out of sight of a ewe for a few hours, they die before they are rescued. If before a lamb impresses its identity on its mother it happens to run out of sight for a few hours, or be handled too much, it often happens that she will never recognize it, one lamb being distinguishable from another lamb of the same size only by scent. Yet the female of no animal is more affectionate than the ewe. Those who know the sheep in literature will recall the story of the Ettrick Shepherd, how for two weeks a ewe never quitted the spot where its dead lamb lay; "and for another week she visited it every morning and evening, uttering a few kindly and heart-piercing bleats, till at length every remnant of her offspring vanished, mixing with the soil, or wafted away by the winds."

Exceedingly delicate as lambs are in their infancy, they grow so rapidly that before they are a month old the chief duty of the shepherd and his dog becomes the duty of the chase. To bring them to the fold at night is as difficult a task as it is frolicsome. The lamb born in May does not live in danger of death at the butcher's hands, of course, or even so much as suggest mint sauce, till many months, if not many years, later. But its clipping becomes a subject of stout political controversy even before it grows, the tariff on wool being one of the most important items in the whole schedule of customs duties.

THE CAPITOL OF GEORGIA.

In this number of the Weekly we present an illustration of the new State Capitol of Georgia, in the city of Atlanta. The old seat of government was at Milledgeville; but the rapid growth of Atlanta, with its convenience of location and accessibility, caused the change to that city. The Legislature was at first convened in the City Hall, but a building originally designed for an opera-house was completed as a legislative edifice, and at first rented and then bought by the State as a Capitol. That building consisted of four stories, surmounted by a Mansard-roof, while above was a cupola which, from its commanding position, gave an extensive view of the surrounding country. The whole building was a square structure, having no pretensions to beauty or imposing effect.

The new Capitol will cost about a million dollars, and is expected to furnish ample accommodation for all the State business properly belonging to it. Its general style and the character of its ornamentation are clearly presented in the accompanying illustration. The growth of Atlanta in handsome buildings since the war is no less remarkable than that of Richmond, and there is a like growth in its business enterprises. Its population is now more than 40,000. Its cotton factories and iron-works seem to have a great future. As a railroad centre it is one of the most important in the South. Some of its newspapers have become known throughout the country for their vigor and enterprise. The streets containing the dwellings look fresh and new, and the great blocks of business buildings, banks, theatres, and hotels also indicate a city aiming at extensive growth. It affords in many respects a marked contrast with cities like Savannah, as it has for the most part a Northern look, modern, devoted to trade, and quite broken away from any spell of lethargy and romance. Cotton pours into the city from all sides in the season, and, in fine, Atlanta has a prosperous commercial outlook.

The new Capitol building will also be freed, perhaps, from the unsavory recollections connected with the scandals of reconstruction days, excited by the old edifice, but it will scarcely add to the sense of modernness in the architecture of the city. As will be seen, it is of the conventional type of "State-house," with a portico and a dome, and is scarcely distinguishable at a glance from the proposed Capitol of Colorado, illustrated in the Weekly of May 1. From this conventional type, originally suggested by the Capitol at Washington, the State-houses only of New York and of Connecticut have very noticeably departed.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Two spinster ladies, sisters, were walking in the south of England upon a bit of railroad track that had been long unused. The rails were devoured with rust, and a number of them had fallen away from the rotted sleepers, leaving wide gaps here and there. In the circumstances it is not surprising that the ladies should have been startled at the rumble of an approaching train. They stepped aside. The rumble grew into a roar and clangor, and the train thundered by. A striking peculiarity of it was that it was invisible. It did not afford any occular evidences. No dust flew from the rusted rails; they did not fiercely throb and quiver as rails are accustomed to do under the tremendous impact of a flying train. As for the yawning gaps, they were apparently of no consequence, for the roar duly softened into a rumble, and this gradually died away and lost itself in the distance, showing that the train did not jump the track. The ladies were constrained to believe that it was a phantom train. At first they were at a loss to understand its meaning, but not long afterward it transpired that a very dear aunt of theirs, travelling by rail in Scotland, had, upon the same day and at the same hour, for some slight and inadequate reason, received a considerable freight, and the supernatural manifestation was undoubtedly intended to prepare the ladies for the news of the unfortunate occurrence.

The Cock Tavern in London (its interior, that is) has been carted away carefully in pieces to South Kensington, where it will be set up again with its sanded floor, old partitions, Dr. Johnson's snuff-box, the historical pewters, and the famous copper kettle with the brass tap at the bottom, all just as they were before, the London *World* says. Its new customers will be served by waitresses in seventeenth-century costumes.

If one may believe the signs, there is excellent shooting and fishing hereabouts just at present. A mill at Newburgh has been stopped three times since the opening of spring by the clogging of the water-wheel with eels, and a Sound steamer reports that on a recent trip her paddle-boxes became so choked up with broad-bill ducks that the paddles were unable to turn round.

The attention of a policeman of Leith was attracted one night recently by a sizable brook of port-wine which flowed from the gate of a large warehouse into a neighboring sewer. Making sure that it was good wine and worth saving, the policeman aroused the warehouse manager, and it was found that a large vat had burst its hoops, permitting twelve hundred gallons of wine to run out upon the floor, which was flooded to the depth of several inches. Assistance was called in, and some two hundred gallons were ladled up and saved, but one thousand gallons ran away. It did not all get into the sewer, however. A great crowd gathered at the brook; some knelt down and drank of it, and others brought pitchers and pails, in which they carried quantities away for more deliberate consumption. The influence of the brook was such finally that the crowd grew uproarious, and the police were obliged to drive them back and restrain them until the rivulet had expended itself.

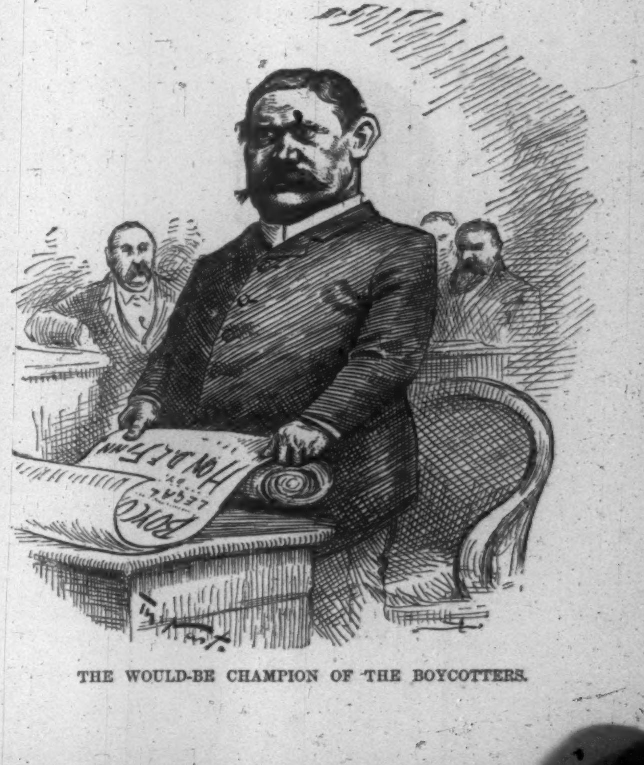
In the State of Maryland people are not crowded very closely together. Even in the city of Baltimore families are separated from one another, so that one family can make considerable noise without another family being disturbed by it. In a community that is given to the making of "Maryland biscuits" this is a beneficent circumstance. To make Maryland biscuits it is necessary to pound the dough vigorously and with a persistence that may endure for two hours or for half a day, according to the strength or the leisure of the person engaged. The pounding is done in order to bring the dough to a very light and flaky condition. It is done with a heavy mallet. In Maryland no annoyance is associated with the preparation of these biscuits. The pounding is done on the ground-floor, and the vibration is swallowed up by the earth. The sound is not annoying, because every one who is likely to be within hearing of it knows that he is to have some of the biscuits, which are remarkably good. In New York, however, the conditions are different, and in flat-houses especially the making of Maryland biscuits is a most violent proceeding. A group of ordinary flat-houses covering an entire block may be shaken throughout by a single individual making Maryland biscuits in one of its apartments. It should be said in justice to the flats of the city that it is rare that Maryland biscuits are made in them. Where they are made, the operation is regarded with the utmost horror by all for whom the biscuits are not intended. There is no rule against their manufacture at present, but if it should become at all common, it is probable that the making of Maryland biscuits would be forbidden, as the splitting of kindling-wood is forbidden, in flats, on the ground that it rocks the house and annoys the surrounding tenants.

It cost $4200 to produce the Greek play at Philadelphia. The boldness which prompted people to have a Greek play so far from Boston is not to end with the Philadelphia enterprise, it seems. They are going to try to have one shortly in London.

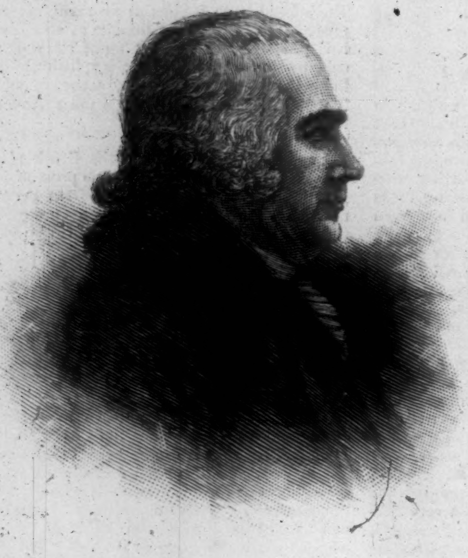
The Atlanta *Constitution* says that the Northern manner of speech has the upper hand at present, that it is gradually permeating every nook and corner of the South, and that the rising generation in Atlanta and the rising generation in Boston speak alike. Nevertheless, the phrase "Oh, do don't!" is still common in Charleston, and it is doubtful if the Southern people will ever be able to pronounce the Ohio "r." The Ohio "r" is difficult to any person who has not been born to it, and it is hard to see how it could ever be accomplished by people who are so accustomed to slight even an ordinary "r" that they say "door" and "floor" and words of that sort without making any use of it at all. It is to be hoped that they will not try. Ohio has room enough for her peculiar "r" within her own borders, and the Eastern manner of speech, as well, has no business trying to drive out the flowing and musical methods of the South, the loss of which would be a pity indeed.

Australian fresh fruits and vegetables will be packed in ice chambers as fresh meat is packed, and sent fortnightly to the Indo-Colonial Exhibition in London. Apples, pears, grapes, oranges, lemons, and pomegranates sent from Adelaide are reported to have arrived in England in good condition.

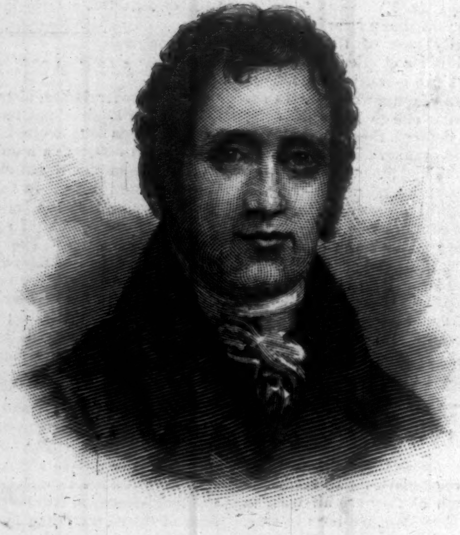
The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that a large ball to the thumb in an artist's hand indicates love of color and gifts of expression by means of color alone, though in a bad hand it promises a leaning to all sorts of self-indulgence. With musicians the large thumb ball shows love of melody, the *Gazette* says, and with school-teachers the love of children. It also stands for philanthropy sometimes, the English journal avers, and it is likewise the mark of a greedy man, as well as of persons who have fine palates without being gluttons. It is seldom that a newspaper of discernment, and so well informed as the *Pall Mall Gazette* usually is, is betrayed into making such an astonishing series of mistaken statements as this brief enumeration contains. The true meaning of a large thumb ball upon the hand of an artist almost invariably is that his oldest child is cross-eyed and that he owes his butcher, although it may in rare cases indicate merely that the roof leaks, and in a bad hand it never signifies anything except a strong love of bric-à-brac and a very delicate consideration for the feelings of the aged. With musicians it means nothing unless occasionally a physical injury, while among school-teachers it is absolutely unknown. The true indication of philanthropy is three-cornered thumb balls of medium size, and those solely. Greed is marked by the use of thumbs, as in the case of Jack Horner, and not by thumb balls, and the dwindled or withered thumb is as surely the sign of a nice palate as it is of insufficient nourishment or pulmonary trouble in its advanced forms. It would be interesting to be made acquainted with the source from which the *Pall Mall Gazette* derives its information.



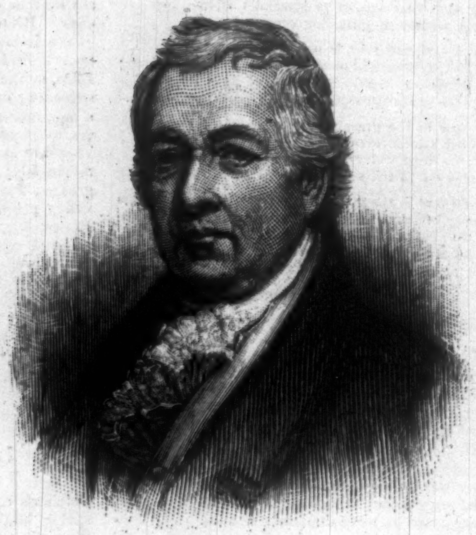
THE WOULD-BE CHAMPION OF THE BOYCOTTERS.



GEORGE CLINTON.



DANIEL D. TOMPKINS.



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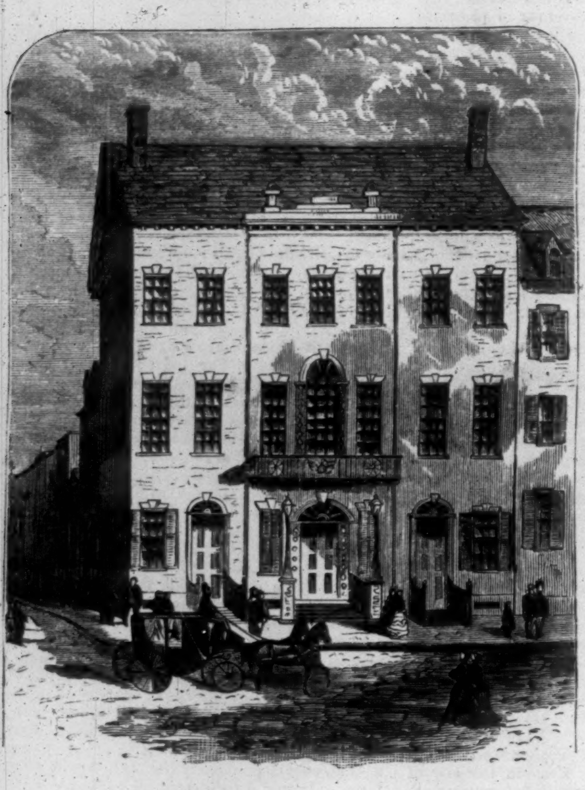
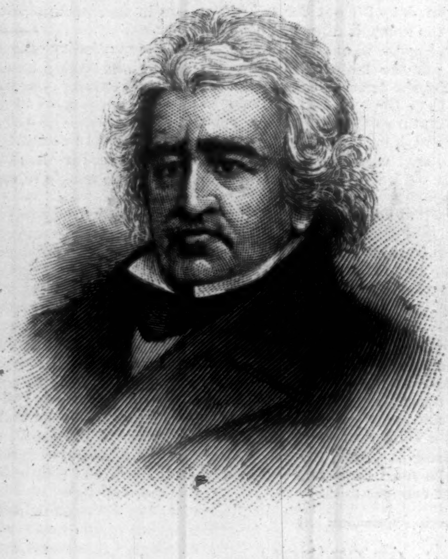
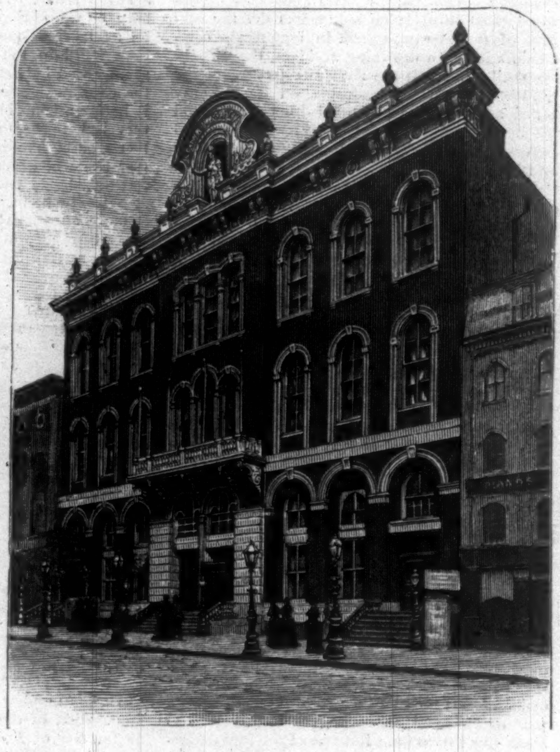


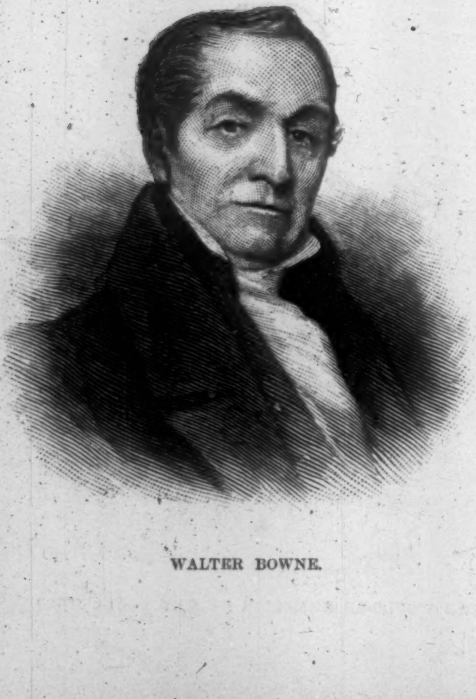
OLD TAMMANY HALL, IN BROADWAY.



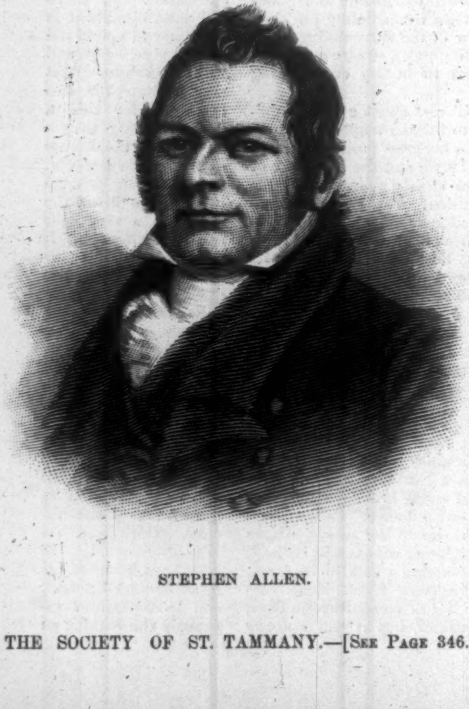
GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.



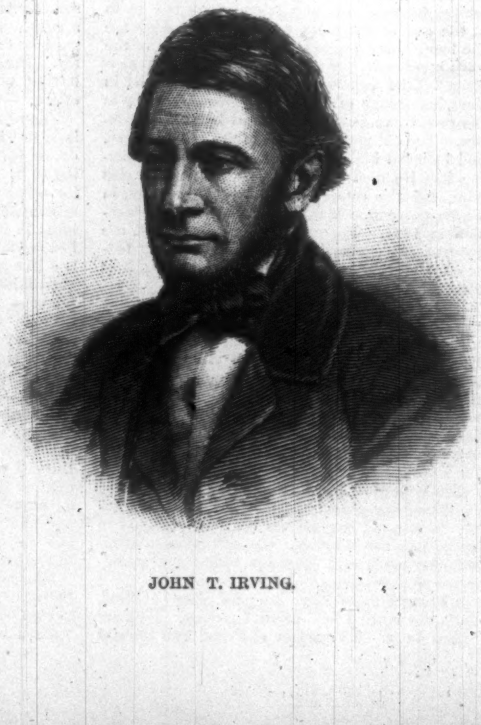
TAMMANY HALL, FOURTEENTH STREET.



WALTER BOWNE.

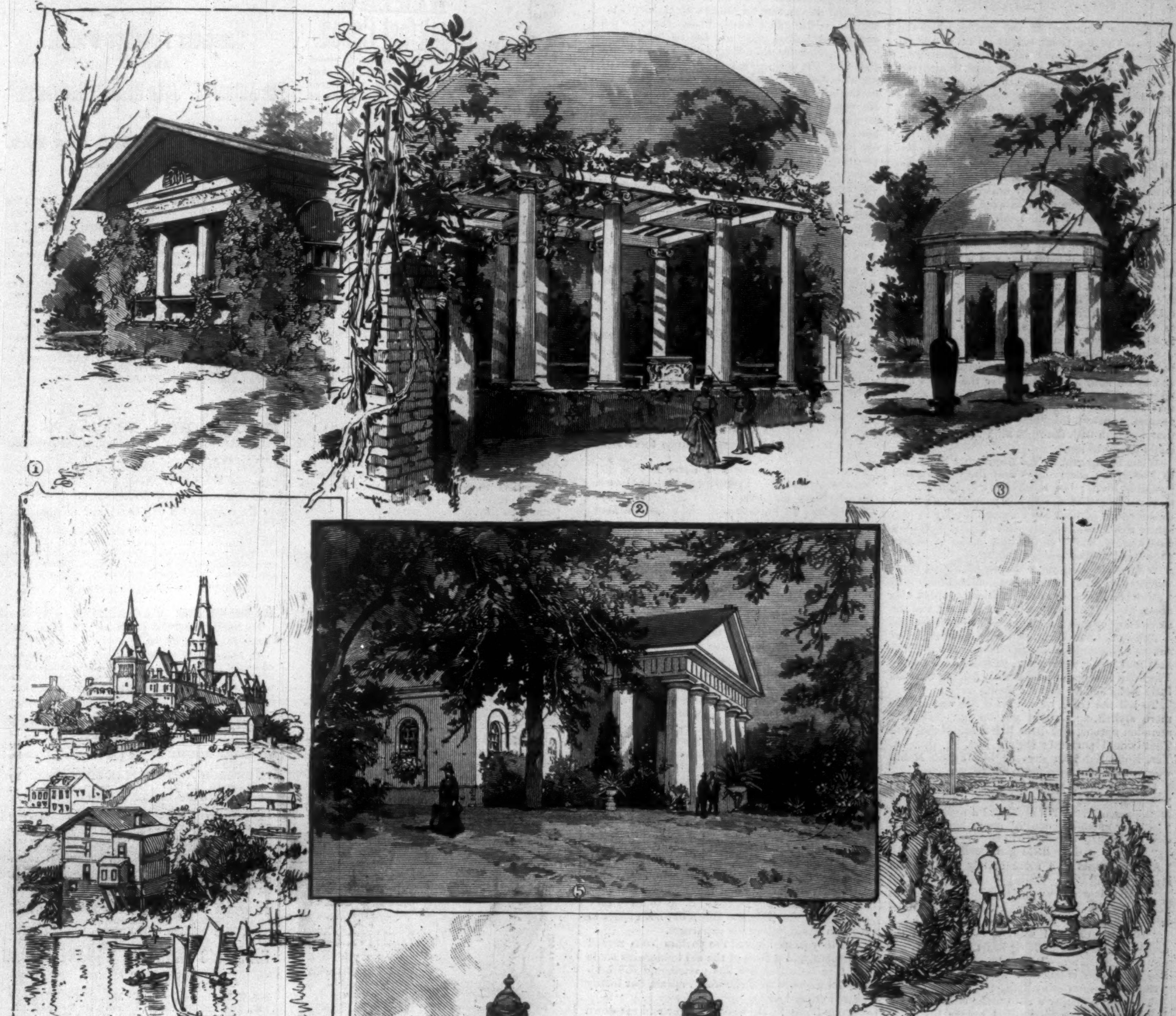


STEPHEN ALLEN.



JOHN T. IRVING.

THE SOCIETY OF ST. TAMMANY.—[See Page 346.]



ARLINGTON.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 347.]

1. A Picturesque Shed. 2. Memorial Arbor. 3. Memorial Temple. 4. Georgetown College. 5. Arlington, the Home of Robert E. Lee. 6. View from Arlington.
7. The Tomb of 2000 unknown Soldiers. 8. One of the Gates. 9. The Soldiers' Graves.

NONA'S OBEDIENCE.

A LOVELY afternoon in the spring, when the balmy air and the fresh, bright toilets of the ladies made a kind of gala day even on Broadway.

Philip Hays stood at his office door, thoughtfully pulling on his neatly fitting gloves. I say "thoughtfully," because that word just describes his state of mind, which was that of halting between two opinions—whether to go for his usual uptown stroll, have a comfortable dinner at the Westminster, and a little flirtation with Jessie Mabin afterward, or to cross the river and take a train for his brother's lovely place in Jersey. He told himself, as he was carefully buttoning his right-hand glove, that the cherries were ripe, and that he really needed a little fresh air and country milk.

But he knew of a far better reason yet, if he would have acknowledged it; and what is more, other people knew it too. Brother Will was wise enough to credit his pretty sister-in-law with Philip's remarkable access of fraternal affection, and little Nona Zabriska herself had a shrewd guess as to what kind of cherries Mr. Philip Hays came to the country to taste.

Well, on this particular afternoon the country proved to be finally the more powerful attraction, and in an hour and a half after the gloves had been fitted to a nicety they were taken off again, that the wearer might clasp the hands of the dearest, sweetest, brightest little country maiden that any man with the right kind of heart or eyes could desire to see.

What Philip said to Nona, and what Nona said to Philip, the cherry-trees and the evening-star probably know; but it was very delightful, and so satisfying that the young people came back to the house without any cherries at all, and presently there was a great deal of hand-shaking and kissing, which ended in a bottle of champagne and mutual good wishes.

Well, after this, for a couple of weeks, there was no hesitating at the office door. Philip said "strawberries" now when his friends rallied him about his sudden passion for the country, and the strawberry excuse did just as well as the cherries.

But as the weather grew hotter, the subject of summer resorts became uppermost. Philip's mother and sister were going to some fashionable Virginian springs, and he greatly desired that his little Nona should go with them.

To tell the truth, he did wish she was a little more stylish, and would put up her curls, and abandon aprons, and dress like Jessie Mabin did. That would perfectly satisfy him, he thought. Yes, Nona Zabriska dressed like Jessie Mabin would leave him nothing to desire.

He went about his plans with that tact which young men who have sisters easily acquire. A little present from Tiffany's, and a modest check "just for spending-money," made his sister Cecilia sufficiently interested in his project.

"Nona is a dear little girl, Cecilia," he said. "All she wants is a more stately manner and stylish dress."

"If that is what you desire, Philip, why do you not marry Jessie Mabin? I thought you liked her well enough."

"Because, Cecile, I want a heart inside the dress—a pure, fresh, loving heart."

"It seems to me—" But here Cecile stopped. She was wise enough to know she would be "throwing words away."

The next difficulty was to make Nona delicately understand his wishes, and induce her to accept the invitation sent her by his mother and sister. He approached the subject under the most favorable circumstances; the moonlight did not betray his confusion, and his encircling arm held her so close to his heart that he had no fear of not securing attention if argument or explanation became necessary.

"I am so glad, Nona, that you are going with Cecile. I am sure it will do you good." And then he stopped and kissed her for emphasis.

"I go to please you, Philip. I am quite well, thank you."

"Oh! but I don't mean about your health, Nona. You little witch! who could have such bright eyes and red lips and not be quite well? I mean about dress and deportment, and those kind of things."

There was a little ominous silence, and then a low, grieved voice: "I don't think I understand you, Philip."

"No, dear; and upon the whole I am glad you have never understood so far. You see, when we are married we shall live in the city, and we must dress and behave as city people do. Cecile will show you all about it, darling, so don't trouble your pretty little head."

"I thought you liked me just as I am, Philip. What is wrong in the city that is proper and pretty in the country, will you tell me?"

"Certainly, Nona. Your loose flowing hair and short dresses, and your frank, familiar ways, all so perfectly charming just here, would occasion remarks and unpleasant criticisms in the city. I want my little girl to be as fashionable and as stylish as—as—well, as Jessie Mabin."

"Ah! she is your ideal, is she?"

Much more to the same purpose, mingled with kisses and compliments, was said, but nothing in it deceived the wounded woman's heart. For Nona, though not a fashionable woman, was a true woman, nevertheless, and understood not only what had been said, but also all that had been left to be inferred.

It was not possible for him to leave his business entirely, but it had been arranged that once a month he was to pay a few days' visit to the springs, and in the intervals be refreshed and comforted by regular and plentiful supplies of letters.

The supply was pretty fair the first week, but fell off gradually afterward, until several days passed without any token of Nona's faith and memory. Still, he did not feel much troubled. He thought that he quite understood Nona's reasons, and at any rate he relied with implicit confidence on the effect which Philip Hays in his own proper person could not fail to make.

This confidence did not agree with events. He arrived at the springs and found Nona out driving with Jack Christie—a young man whom he particularly disliked for his pretentious manners. He was on the piazza when they returned, and he was certain Nona saw him, though she kept her eyes on Jack's face, and pretended the greatest interest in his foolish conversation; for of two things Philip was certain—first, that her interest was "pretended," and second, that Jack's conversation was "foolish."

Then he felt unaccountably and, as he very well knew, unreasonably chilled by the greeting of the splendidly dressed Nona, who calmly and nonchalantly extended the tips of her gloved fingers to him, drawling out the while a pretty little assurance of being "so glad to see Mr. Hays," with the information that "Cecile had been expecting him since the early morning train."

"Cecile!" he said, reproachfully. "And you too, Nona?"

"Oh dear no, Mr. Hays. It is quite too exhausting to expect anything. One at a time is quite sufficient."

Philip was shocked and silenced for the time. For one distressing half-hour he tried to assume his rights as her betrothed, but she kept Jack Christie persistently between them; and so, angry and hurt, he sought his sister Cecile.

"Cecile," he said, "what a change there is in Nona! What is the cause?"

"A wonderful change! I never saw a girl improve so rapidly. I suppose *you* are the cause. Do you know that she is really *the belle?* Jack Christie and Ed Forsyth and half a dozen others are raving about her. Positively they are, Phil."

"Very kind of them, but—"

"Well, so it is, you know. Very first families, and all that kind of thing, you know. Upon my word, brother, I believe Nona will make a sensation next winter. Mamma is quite satisfied now."

But Philip was not. No, not at all. Very far from it. That night at the hop Nona looked lovely and grand enough for a queen, her golden hair arranged in some picturesque style, which Jack Christie audibly declared to be "just the thing," yards of satin and lace making a track of glory behind her, and gold and jewels flashing from her head, her throat, and her wrists.

All in vain, however, Philip pleaded for a dance. Nona had been engaged for every set since breakfast, and she reminded him rather maliciously of the necessity of conforming to the usages of society. So he had the satisfaction of watching the social triumph of the future Mrs. Hays.

Three miserable days of continual disappointment, and then Philip determined to go back to New York, and see Nona no more until she returned to her country home.

He bade his mother and Cecile good-by, and gave the regulation kiss to Nona, who received it with perfect placidity and many kind wishes for his pleasant journey; for, as he was to leave very early in the morning, the ladies did not expect to see him again before his departure.

As they passed out of the parlors Nona turned a moment, and a flash of the old tenderness made her face beautiful, her lips parted, and she hesitated a moment as if she would speak, but finally passed on and away.

Poor Philip! He took his cigar and sat down on the dark, silent balcony, miserable enough; but in about half an hour a timid little figure stole through the deserted room, and without warning laid her hand upon his shoulder. He turned rapidly, all the great passion, which had grown to deeper intensity in his suffering, bursting out in one imploring whisper of "Nona!"

"Philip!"

Well, you know the end. Philip did not like the fashionable Nona at all; his whole heart cried out for the sweet, natural girl that he had never prized enough till he believed her gone forever. The tangled curls, the short dresses, even the little ruffled aprons, never more looked homely in his eyes.

Ever afterward he had the most wholesome fear of Nona turning fashionable; and she to this day, when Philip is in the "opposition," reminds him of his one experiment in managing women, and assures him that in the long-run he would not like his own way *if he got it*, and so he takes hers, which, after all, I have no doubt, is the most sensible thing he can do.

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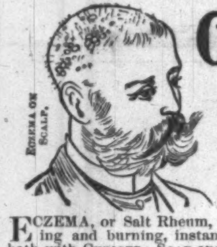
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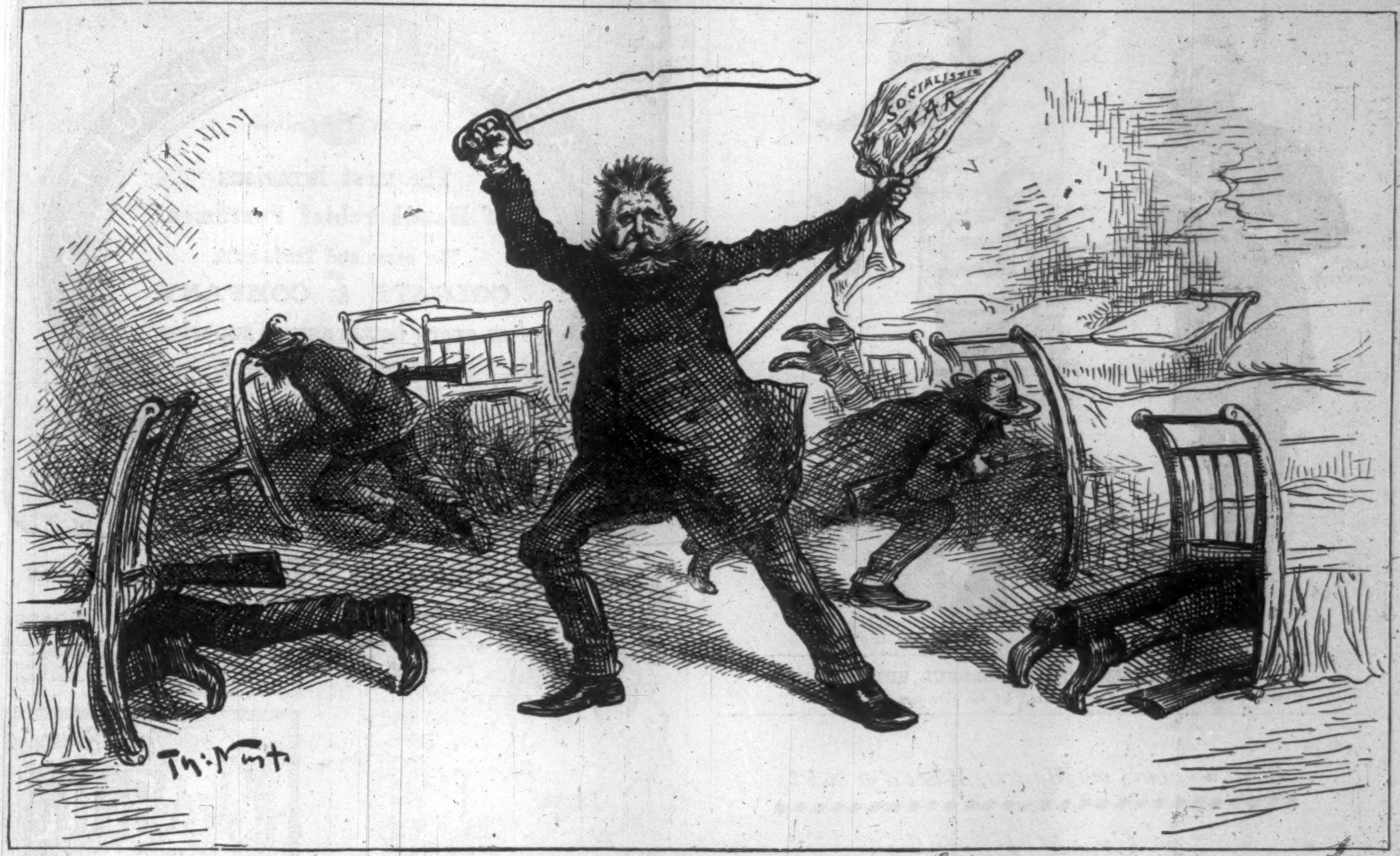

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